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## CORRESPONDENCE.

It would be difficult to name a man whose public life has been pleasanter than that of our late Minister to England. Distinguished for learning in early youth; Editor of the most successful American Review; Member of Congress; Governor of his native State, and Minister to Great Britain. Having so fulfilled his last high trust, as to attract the respect of the nation to which he was sent, and to raise his character at home, he has returned to meet the hearty welcome of his friends and fellow-citizens, who are already allotting to him one of the most dignified and important posts in society.

THERE are many indications of a commercial crisis in England, which will affect us, although far less than if our currency were unduly inflated. Several articles upon the inordinate Railway speculations have been copied into this number. One painful reflection comes to us when we see how profusely British capital is expended on the continent. Had we managed our American debts with the *prompt* honor and honesty which common sense dictated, we might have commanded, for the development of the rich treasures of this continent, a *thousand millions* of the surplus English capital

which *seeks* profitable and safe investment. Upon the subject of a permanent national system of finance, we may in some other place ask the attention of the public.

THE new series of books which is announced below, is likely to be so valuable an addition to the libraries of families, that we should not fulfil our duty if we failed to recommend it very strongly to our readers. The extensive connections of this great publishing house, make it certain that whatever they undertake will have an important influence upon society, and our enthusiasm has often been kindled at the thought of the vast benefits which it was in their power to confer upon the nation. In their Family Library, amounting to nearly 200 volumes, they printed many excellent books.

Two volumes have been issued as a beginning of this series: *The Elements of Morality, including Polity*. By William Whewell, D. D., author of the History and the Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. This is a good beginning. It would be a suitable present on any occasion. In these volumes the most important questions of human duty and conduct are so treated as to make attractive reading for all classes of society.

Their outward appearance is elegantly neat.

The paper is solid and beautiful. The type clear and distinct. More than 800 pages are contained in them. As you take up these books they feel like English editions—which shows that in paper, printing and binding, the utmost care has been taken. We hold them up as a pattern for American publishers. Slovenly printing, upon soft paper, will hardly content the public hereafter.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS respectfully beg to announce their intention of immediately commencing the publication of a new and attractive series of *sterling books*, to be issued under the general designation of *Harpers' New Miscellany*, which will be legibly printed, in duodecimo, on fine paper, and bound in extra muslin, gilt. Price Fifty Cents a volume, and issued at short intervals.

To render accessible to the million the fullest advantages of popular instruction in the various divisions of human knowledge is the design of the above series. It is apparent in the present day that books of intrinsic value are demanded by the people. Formerly the popular taste preferred mainly works of mere amusement ; the great body of readers now seek them as vehicles of general knowledge—books of a more permanently valuable cast—devoted to some of the departments of science or general literature. A class of books expressly adapted to this demand it is the aim of the publishers to supply, and at a price so exceedingly cheap that every person of ordinary taste and advantages may thus become possessed of a complete Library of the Selectest Literature of the Language and the Age.

In this collection it is intended to include the best productions in every department of knowledge ; popular philosophical treatises on topics of universal interest ; the most compact and brilliant historical books ; valuable biographical memoirs ; modern voyages and travels, &c. ; together with scientific and other collateral divisions ; in the selection of all which, the most careful discrimination will be observed.

*Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau*, is the 24th No. of Wiley & Putnam's Library. A delightful volume of light and graceful chat and description.

*Onward! Right Onward!* By Mrs. Tuthill—has been published by Messrs. Crosby & Nichols. It is by the author of "I'll be a Gentleman," and "I'll be a Lady," which we should have read a dozen times, had we taken the advice of the young people, who read them again and again.

*Parts 9 and 10 of Dr. Lardner's Popular Lectures on Science and Art*, have been published by Greeley & McElrath, who append this notice, which we cordially concur in :

"The publishers are gratified at the very general interest which the publication of these Lectures has awakened in the public mind to subjects connected with the Sciences and Useful Arts. If, however, those persons who have more readily appreciated the value of a work of this nature, and have promptly patronized it themselves, would take the pains to recommend it to their friends, and especially to the mechanics and young men of the nation, the circulation and diffusion of useful intelligence would be vastly extended, and the

beneficial effects of giving such direction to the public mind speedily discerned upon the pursuits, action and character of the American people."

In connection with this subject, we most earnestly recommend to our readers *Silliman's American Journal of Science and the Arts*, a work of more than twenty years' duration, and abundantly praised and copied from by the European scientific journals—but being published by the editor himself, without the aid of bookselling machinery, it needs the good word of all who can appreciate it, in order to attract to it the attention which it would command under other circumstances.

MR. LESTER'S Medici Series of Italian Prose, is continued, by the publication of *The Florentine Histories, by Machiavelli*. This name is familiar as a proverb, to the ears of many who have never read a line of his works. Presented in this handsome form, and at a low price, we shall be well acquainted with them. We understand that the work has been recommended to the students of Harvard University. Mr. Lester has well fulfilled one of the duties of an American Consul—which is to naturalize here all that he finds good in other nations.

WE know of no reason why the following recommendation should not be acted upon. The Picayune calls it novel, but it is the obvious solution of the question about the Indian settlements. Let them be admitted, when they ask for it, as soon as the conditions of the Constitution shall have been complied with.

THE Albany Argus suggests a novel idea. It is that of an Indian State admitted to our confederacy ! The rapid advance of the Choctaws and Cherokees in the arts of civilized life, and in education and religious knowledge, has led the friends of the Indian to think of the erection of Indian States. The Argus remarks that these nations are coming into a condition which will be fully worthy of alliance with such a republic as ours, and that there is no reason to doubt that they would do honor to such a relation.—*Picayune*.

FROM a publication of the results in about 20 of the largest offices, it appears that the falling off in the gross receipts of the Post Office, has been only about 40 per cent. Now as there have been considerable reductions in the expenses, the loss will probably be little more than there would have been under the old law. This result, at so early a stage of the experiment, is better than we hoped for, fearing that the halfway character of the reduction would retard its ultimate success.

PROF. STUART, of Andover, has in press a volume entitled "A Critical History and Defence of the Canon of the Old Testament." The object of the work is to show that our Saviour and his Apostles constantly recognized as of Divine authority the books of the Old Testament, the identical books which we now find there, and no others.

## CHAPTER XVI.

EVERY guest of the Lamb and Star bore away the confession of the assassin ; and full soon scornful, loathing looks beset the path of Robert Willis. The gossiping villagers would stand silent, eyeing him askance, as he passed them. The dullest hind would return his nod and good-morrow with a sullen, awkward air. Even little children cowered from him, huddling about their mothers, as the gay homicide would pat their heads, and give them pennies. It did not serve, that Robert Willis, with a roaring laugh, declared the whole a jest—a drunken frolic just to make folks stare. It served not that he would loudly and laboriously chuckle “to think how he had made Blink shake—and how, with just a word or so, he had taken everybody in.” No ; the confession of the murderer had sunk into the hearts of his hearers : the tale spread far and wide, and not even butts of ale—and Willis tried that Lethe—would drown the memory of it. And so in brief time, the miserable wretch was left alone with the fiends. A few, out of pure love of the liquor he bestowed, would still have doubted the blood-guiltiness of their patron ; but even they could not long confront the reproaches of their fellows. And so, with a late and hesitating virtue, they wiped their lips of the murderer’s malt, and consented to believe him very bad indeed. Willis, as one by one dropt from him, grew fiercely confident ; battling with brazen brow the looks of all. Unequal fight ! The devil is a coward in the end : and so, after a show of scornful opposition, the poor cowed fiend gave up the contest, and Robert Willis went no man knew where. A sad blow was this to Justice Wattles. That he should have spent so much money on so hopeless a creature ! That he should have gone to the heavy expense of Mr. Montecute Crawley ! That at so vast a price he should have saved his kinsman from the gibbet—when the desperate fool had hung himself in the opinion of all men ! It would have been better, far cheaper, to let truth take its course—but then there was the respectability of the family ! After all, it was some poor consolation to the puzzled justice, that however a Willis might have deserved the gallows, he had escaped it : opinion was a hard thing ; but at the hardest it was not tightened hemp. Nobody could say that a Willis was ever hanged. Truth, after all, had not been sacrificed for nothing ; and that was some comfort at the least.

In due course, the Kent wagon brought St. Giles to London. It was about five o’clock on a bright summer morning when St. Giles, with rapturous eyes, looked upon the borough. Yes, he had returned to his hard-nursing mother, London. She had taught him to pick and steal, and lie, and, yet a child, to anticipate the iniquities of men ; and then—foolish, guilty mother!—she had scourged her youngling for his naughtiness ; believing by the severity of her chastisement best to show her scorn of vice, her love of goodness. And St. Giles, as the wagon crawled along, lay full-length upon the straw, and mused upon the frequent haunts of his early days. Sweet and balmy sweet such thoughts ! Refreshing to the soul, jaded and fretful from the fight of men, to slake its thirst for peace and beauty, at the fountain of memory, when childhood seemed to have played with angels. What a luxury of the heart, to cast off the present like a foul, begrimed garment, and let the soul walk awhile in the naked innocence

of the past ! Here is the scene of a happy childhood. It is full of gracious shapes—a resurrection of the gentle, beautiful. We have lain in that field, and thought the lark—a trembling, fluttering speck of song above us—must be very near to God. That field is filled with sweetest memories, as with flowers. And there is an old—old tree. How often have we climbed it, and, throned amid its boughs, have read a wondrous book ; a something beating like a drum at our heart ; a something that, confusing us with a dim sense of glory, has filled our soul with a strange, fitful music, as with the sounds of a far-coming triumph ! Such may be the memories of a happy youth. And what, as St. Giles, with his face leaning on his propped hands, gazed from the wagon, what, seeing the scenes of his childhood—what saw he ? Many things big with many thoughts.

Yes ; how well he knew that court ! Six-and-thirty hours’ hunger had raged in his vitals, and with a desperate plunge, he had dived into a pocket. It was empty. But the would-be thief was felt, and hotly pursued. He turned up that court. He was very young, then ; and, like a fool, knew not the ins-and-outs of the borough. He ran up the court ; there was no outlet ; and the young thief was caught like a stoat in a trap. And now St. Giles sees the joy of his pursuer ; and almost feels the blow the good, indignant man, dealt as with a flail upon the half-naked child. Ay, and it was at that post, that his foot slipt when he was chased by the beadle for stealing two potatoes from a dealer’s sack. Yes ; and opposite that very house, the beadle laid about him with his cane ; and there it was that the big, raw-boned, painted woman, tore him from the beadle’s grasp ; and giving him a penny, told him with an oath to run for very life. Such were the memories—yes, every turning had such—that thronged upon St. Giles, gazing in thought upon his childhood days, from the Kent wagon.

And then happier thoughts possessed our hero. He looked again and again at the card given him by St. James ; and that bit of paper with its few words was a talisman to his soul ; a written spell that threw a beauty and a brightness about the meanest things of London. Human life moved about him full of hope and dignity. He had—or would have—an interest in the great game—how great and how small !—of men. He would no longer be a man-wolf ; a wretched thing to hunt and be hunted. He would know the daily sweets of honest bread, and sleep the sleep of peace. What a promotion in the scale of life ! What unhooped felicity, to be permitted to be honest, gentle ! What a saving mercy, to be allowed to walk upright with those he might begin to look upon as fellow-creatures ! And as St. Giles thought of this, gratitude melted his very being, and he could have fallen upon his knees on London stones, in thankfulness and penitence. Solitude to him had been a softening teacher. Meditation had come upon him in the far wilds ; and the isolated, badged, and toiling felon for the first time thought of the mystery of himself ; for the first time dared to look in upon his heart—a look that some who pass for bold men sometimes care not to take—and he resolved to fight against what seemed his fate. He would get back to the world. Despite of the sentence that bade him not to hope, he would hope. Though doomed to be a life-long human instrument, a drudging carcass, he would win back his manhood—he would return to life a

self-respecting being. And this will beat, constant as a pulse, within him. And these feelings, though the untutored man could give them no harmonious utterance, still sustained and soothed him; and now, in London streets, made most hopeful music to his soul.

And St. Giles passed through old familiar places, and would not ponder on the miserable memories that thronged them. No; with a strong will, he laid the rising ghosts of his boyish days, and went with growing stoutness on. He was bound for St. James's-square, and the way before him was a path of pleasure. How changed was London-bridge! To his boyhood it had been a mass of smoked, grimed stone: and now it seemed a shape of grace and beauty. He looked, too, at the thousand ships that, wherever the sea rolled, with mute gigantic power told the strength, the wealth, and enterprise of England. He looked, and would not think of the convict craft, laden with crimes, and wrong, and blasphemy, that had borne him to his doom. He passed along, through Lombard-street to the bank; and he paused and smiled as he thought of the time when the place seemed to him a place of awful splendor; a visible heaven, and they he thought who went for moneys there, "angels ascending and descending;" and above all, what a glory it would be to him—a fame surpassing all burglarious renown—to rob that Bank of England. And then he saw the Mansion-house; and thought of the severe and solemn alderman who had sentenced him to Bridewell. And then St. Giles passed along Cheapside, and stood before St. Paul's church; and then for the first time felt somewhat of its tremendous beauty. It had been to him a mere mountain of stone, with a clock upon it: and now, he felt himself subdued, refined, as the cathedral, like some strange harmony, sank into his soul. He thought, too, of Christ and the fishermen and tentmakers Christ had glorified—for he had learned to read of them when a felon in the wilderness—and his heart glowed with Christian fervor at Christ's temple—that visible glory made and dedicated to the purposes of the Great Teacher—most mighty in his gentleness, most triumphant by his endurance, most adorable by the charity that he taught to men, as the immortal link to hold them still to God! Could expression have breathed upon the thoughts of St. Giles, thus he might have delivered himself. He spoke not: but stood gazing at the church, and thinking what a blessing it was upon a land, wherein temples for such purposes abounded; where solemn men set themselves apart from the sordid ways of life, keeping their minds calm and undefiled from the chink and touch of money-bags, to heed of nothing but the fainting, bleeding, erring hearts of those who had dwelt upon the earth as though the earth had never a grave. Yes; it was a blessing to breathe in such a land. It was a destiny demanding a daily prayer of thankfulness, to know that Christian charity was preached from a thousand and a thousand pulpits; to feel that the spirits of the apostles, their earnest, truthful spirits, (ere solemnized by inspiration,) still animated bishops, deans, and rectors; and even cast a glory on the worn coats of how many thousand curates! St. Giles, the returned transport—the ignorant and sinning man: St. Giles, whose innocence of childhood had been offered to the Moloch selfishness of society—even St. Giles felt all this; and with swelling heart and the tears in his throat, passed down Ludgate-hill, with a

fervent devotion, thanking his God who had brought him from the land of cannibals to the land of Christians.

And now is St. Giles aroused by a stream of people passing upward and downward, and as though led by one purpose turning into the Old Bailey. "What's this crowd about?" he asked of one, and ere he was answered, he saw far down at Newgate door a scaffold and a beam; and a mass of human creatures, crowded like bees, gazing upon them.—"What's this?" again asked St. Giles, and he felt the sickness of death upon him.

"What's this?" answered a fellow with a sneering leer—"Why, where do you come from to ask that? Why, it's king George's new drop, and this is the first day he's going to try it. No more hanging at Tyburn now; no more drinks of ale at the Pound. It's all now to be the matter of a minute, they say. But it will never answer, it never does; any of these new-fangled things. Nothing like the old horse and cart, take my word for it. Besides, all London could see something of the show when they went to Tyburn, while next to nobody can be accommodated in the Old Bailey. But it serves me right. If I hadn't got so precious drunk last night, I'd been up in time to have got a place near the gallows. Silence! There goes eight o'clock."

And as the hour was struck by the bells of Christian churches—of churches built in Christ's name, who conquered vengeance by charity—men were led forth to be strangled by men, their last moments soothed and made hopeful by Christ's clergyman. Indeed, it is long and hard teaching, to make nations truly read the Testament they boast of.

There was a sudden hush among the crowd; and St. Giles felt himself rooted where he stood; with gaping mouth, and eyes glaring towards Newgate. The criminals, trussed for the grave, came out. "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven"—cried St. Giles in a rising scream, numbering the wretches as each passed to his place—"eight—nine—ten—Good God! how many!"—and terror-stricken, he could count no further.

And then the last night's bacchanal next St. Giles, took up the reckoning, counting as he would have counted so many logs of wood, so many sacks of coals.—"Eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen. That's all; yes, it was to be fifteen: that little chap's the last. Fifteen."

Reader, pause a moment. Drop not the book with sudden indignation at the writer who, to make the ingredients of his story "thick and slab," invents this horror. No; he but copies from the chronicles of the Old Bailey. Turn to them, incredulous reader, and you will find that on the balmy morning of the twenty-third of June, in the year of our Offended Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four, fifteen human beings were hanged in front of Newgate: death-offerings to the laws and virtues of merry England. It was the first day, too, of the new drop; and the novel engine must be greeted with a gallant number. Fame has her laurels: why should not Justice have her ropes? There was, too, a pleasantry—the devil, if he joke at all, must joke after some such fashion—in trying the substance and capacity of a new gallows, by so much weight of human flesh convulsed in the death-struggle. And so—great was the legislative wit!—there were fifteen

to be strangled. A great example this to an erring, law-breaking world of—the strength of timber!

The lords of the privy council had met, with good king George the Third at their head, to correct the vices of the land. There was death for the burglar—death for the footpad—death for the sheep-stealer—death, death, death for a hundred different sinners. The hangman was the one social physician, and was thought to cure all peculiar ills. Horrible, ghastly quack! And yet the king's majesty believed in the hideous mountebank, and every week, by the advice of his lords of the council—the wise men of St. James', the magi of the kingdom, the starred and gartered philosophers and philanthropists—every week did sacred royalty call in Jack Ketch to cure his soul-sick children! Yea; it was with the hangman's fingers, that the father of his people touched the People's Evil. And if in sooth the malady was not allayed, it was for no lack of paternal tending, since we find in the Old Bailey Register—that thing of blood, and bigotry, and ignorance—that, in one little year, in almost the first twelvemonth of the new drop, the hangman was sent to ninety-six wretches, who were publicly cured of their ills in the front of Newgate! And the king in council thought there was no such remedy for crime as the grave; and therefore, by the counsel of his privy sages, failed not to prescribe death-warrants. To reform man was a tedious and uncertain labor: now hanging was the sure work of a minute.

Oh, that the ghosts of all the martyrs of the Old Bailey—and, though our profession of faith may make some moral antiquarians stare, it is our invincible belief that the Newgate calendar has its black array of martyrs; victims to ignorance, perverseness, prejudice; creatures doomed by the bigotry of the council table; by the old haunting love of blood as the best cure for the worst ills;—Oh, that the faces of all of these could look from Newgate walls! that but for a moment the men who stickle for the laws of death, as for some sweet household privilege, might behold the grim mistake; the awful sacrilegious blunder of the past; and seeing, making amendment for the future.

A few minutes, and fifteen human creatures, sanctified with immortal souls, were carcases. The wisdom of the king and lords in council was made manifest to the world by fifteen scare-crows to guilt, pendent and swaying to and fro. A few minutes, and the heart of London, ay of the Old Bailey, beat equably as before. The criminals were hanged, cut down, and the mob separated only to meet—if it should again please the wisdom of the king in council—for a like show on the next Monday; Saint Monday being, in the good old hempen times, the hangman's special saint's-day.

The sufferers were scarcely dead, when St. Giles staggered like a drunken man from the crowd. He made his way down Ludgate-hill, and sick and reeling, proceeded up Fleet-street. He saw, he felt, that people stared at him; and the thought that he was an escaped felon—that if detected he would as surely rehearse the bloody scene, as surely as those fifteen corpses scarce done struggling—seemed to wither him. He stumbled against a post; then, for a moment gathering energy for the effort, he turned up Shoe-lane, and entered a public-house. "A mug of water, master;" he asked of the landlord.

"It's a liquor we don't sell," said the host, "and I can't afford to give it away. Water! I should think a dram of brandy would be better for your complaint. Why, you look like a bluebag. Got no catching-sickness, I hope? If so, be so good as to go to another house. I've never yet had a day's illness, and I don't intend to have."

"Nothing but a little faint, master. I passed, just now, by the Old Bailey, and—and it's been too much for me."

"Well, you must have a coddled sort of heart, you must. I should have gone myself, only I couldn't leave the bar; for they don't hang fifteen every day, and—why, if now you aint as white as if you'd run from the gallows yourself."

"Water, master—water," cried St. Giles—"and for the brandy, I'll take that afterwards."

"Better take it first," said the landlord, "but that's your business. Well, I should n't much like such customers as you," he added, as St. Giles hastily quaffed the lymph. "Now, do take some of the real stuff; or, with that cold rubbish, you'll give yourself the aygur;" and the host pressed the brandy.

"In a minute; I'll just sit down a bit," said St. Giles, and taking the brandy, he entered a side-room. It was empty. Seating himself, with the untasted liquor before him, he again saw the vision that had appalled and rooted him in the Old Bailey. He could swear to it; it was clear to his eye as his own hand. All but himself had beheld fifteen felons on the drop, but he had seen sixteen; and the last, the sixteenth, *was* himself; yes, if in a glass he had ever seen himself. True; it was but a vision—but a vision that foreshadowed a horrid truth. He had escaped from captivity to be hanged for the crime. All the bright promises of the morning had vanished, and, in the bitterness of his thoughts, he already sat in the gloom of Newgate. Thus sunk in misery, he was unconscious of the entrance of a visitor, who, in a few moments, startled him with a greeting.

"Been to the jug, mate? A cruel fine day to be hanged on, isn't it?" asked the new-comer.

St. Giles looked at the speaker, who suddenly recoiled from his glance, as from the glare of some wild beast. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the man. "Do you think you'll know me again, that you stare in that way? Perhaps, you do know me!"

"Not at all, friend; not at all; though coming suddenly, you startled me a little at first." But instantly, St. Giles recognized his old master and tempter Tom Blast. Vice had cut still deeper lines in his wicked face; time had crowned him with its most horrid crown, grey hairs upon a guilty head; time sat heavily upon his back, yet St. Giles knew his early tutor; knew the villain who had snared his boyhood, making him a doomed slave for his natural life. Fierce thoughts rose in the heart of St. Giles, as he gazed upon the traitor who had sold him: a moment, and he could have dipped his hands in that old man's blood; another instant and he looked upon him with compassion, with deepest pity. The villain saw the change, and took new confidence.

"It's lucky times for you, mate, if you can tipple brandy. If I've had nothing but five-farthng beer since Tuesday, may I be poisoned!"

"You may have this, for me," said St. Giles, and he gave Blast the brandy, which the old knave greedily swallowed.

"Should like to meet with one of your sort every day," cried Blast, smacking his lips. "Never saw your like afore."

"Indeed?" asked St. Giles, who, from the tone and manner of Blast, felt himself secure of discovery. "Indeed?"

"No, never. You couldn't tell me where I could see you to-morrow?" asked Blast.

"Why, where may you be found—where do you live?" questioned St. Giles, quickly.

"Oh, I live at Horsleydown; but I so like the look o' you, mate, I'll meet you here," answered Blast. "I'm agreeable to anything."

"Very well," said St. Giles, "say at twelve o'clock; we'll have another glass. Stay, you can have another now; here's sixpence for the treat. I must go; good bye;" and St. Giles was hurrying away, when Blast seized him by the hand, and whilst our hero shrunk and shook at his touch, swore that he was a good fellow, and a regular king. St. Giles releasing himself, retreated quickly from the house, casting frequent looks behind that he might not be followed by his former friend, whom, it was his hope, despite of the engagement of the morrow, never to behold again. Nevertheless, St. Giles had yearned to have some further speech with Blast. Half-a-dozen times the words were at his lips, and then the fear of the chance of detection kept him dumb. And then again he repented that he had not risked the peril, that he might at once have known the fate of his mother. He had heard no word of her. Was she dead? Remembering what was her life, he almost hoped so. Yet she was the only creature of his blood; and, if still living, it would be to him some solace—something to link him anew to her—to snatch her old age from the horrors that defiled it. With these thoughts, St. Giles took his way up the Strand, and feeling a strange pleasure in the daring, was soon in Bow-street. He approached the office: the judgment-seat where he was arraigned for his maiden theft. There at the door, playing with his watch-chain—with almost the same face, the same cut clothes, the same flower in his mouth, of fifteen years before—stood Jerry Whistle, officer and prime thief-taker. A sort of human blood-hound, as it seemed expressly fashioned by madam nature, to watch and seize on evil-doers. He appeared to be sent into this world with a peculiar nose for robbers; scenting them through all their doublings, though they should put seas between him and them. And Jerry performed his functions with such extreme good-humor, seized upon a culprit with such great good-nature, that it appeared impossible that death should end a ceremony so cordially began. Jerry Whistle would take a man to Newgate as to a tavern: a place wherein human nature might with the fattest and the strongest enjoy itself.

As St. Giles approached Whistle, he thought that worthy officer, learned as he was in human countenances, eyed him with a look of remembrance; whereupon, with a wise boldness, St. Giles stepped up to him, and asked the way to Seven Dials. "Straight ahead, my tulip, and ask again," said Jerry; and he continued to suck his pink and chink his watch-chain.

In a few minutes, St. Giles was in Short's Gardens. He looked upwards at the third floor: where his first friend, Mrs. Annised, had carried him to her gentle-hearted lord, Bright Jem. It was plain they were tenants there no longer. The windows, always bright, were crusted with dust;

two were broken, and patched with paper. And there was no flower-pot, with its three-pennyworth of nature from Covent-garden; no singing-bird. St. Giles, with a sinking of the heart, passed on. It was plain he had lost a part of something that, in his hours of exile, had made England so fair a land of promise to him. He turned his steps towards Seven Dials. He would look at the shop of the muffin-maker: of course he could not make himself known—at least not just now—to that sweet-and-bitter philanthropist, Capstick: but it would be something to see how time had dealt with him. A short space, and St. Giles approached the door; the very threshold he had crossed with basket and bell. Capstick had departed; no muffin graced the window. The shop was tenanted by a small undertaker; a tradesman who had to higgle with the poor for his price of laying that eye-sore, poverty, in the arms of the maternal earth who, least partial of all mothers, treats her offspring all alike. "Can he be dead?" thought St. Giles, for the moment unconsciously associating his benefactor with the emblems of mortality; as though death had come there, and edged the muffin-maker out. Ere he could think another thought, St. Giles stood in the shop. The master, whistling a jig of the time, was at his work, driving tin tacks into a baby's coffin. The pawnbroker would have another gown—a blanket, it might be—for those tin tacks; but that was nothing: why should wealth claim all the pride of the world, even where pride is said to leave us—at the grave?

"Do you know whether Mr. Capstick's alive?" asked St. Giles of the whistling workman.

"Can't say, I'm sure," answered the undertaker. "I only know I've not yet had the luck of burying him."

"I mean the muffin-maker, who lived here before you," said St. Giles; "you knew him!"

"I've heard of him, but never seen him—never want. He was a tailor as was ruined last here. I say,"—cried the undertaker, with an intended joke in his eye—"I say, you don't want anything in my way!"

St. Giles, making no answer, stepped into the street. He then paused. Should he go forward? He should have no luck that day, and he would seek no further. And while he so determined, he moved towards his native nook—the fetid, filthy corner in which he first smelt what was called the air. He walked towards Hog Lane.

Again and again did he pass it. Again and again did he approach St. Giles' Church, and gaze upon the clock. It was only ten; too early—he was sure of that—to present himself in St. James' square. Otherwise he would first go there, and return to the lane under cover of the night. He then crossed the way, and looked up the lane. He saw not a face he knew. All he had left were dead; and new tenants, other wretches, fighting against want, and gin, and typhus, were preparing new loam for the church-yard. No: he would not seek now. He would come in the evening—it would be the best time, the very best.

With this feeling, St. Giles turned away, and was proceeding slowly onward, when he paused at a shop-window. In a moment, he felt a twitch at his pocket, and turning, he saw a child of some eight or ten years old, carrying away a silk handkerchief that Becky, in exchange for the huswife, had forced upon him. How sudden, and how great was St. Giles' indignation at the villain

thief! Never had St. Giles felt so strongly virtuous! The pigmy felon flew towards Hog Lane; and in a moment, St. Giles followed him and stood at the threshold of the house wherein the thief had taken shelter. St. Giles was about to enter, when he was suddenly stopped by a man—that man was Tom Blast.

"Well, if this is n't luck!" said Blast spreading himself in the door-way, to secure the retreat of the thief. "Who'd ha' thought we should ha' met so soon!"

"All's one for that," said St. Giles. "I've been robbed, and the young thief's here, and you know it."

"A thief here! Mind what you're about, young man: do mind what you say, afore you take away the character of a honest house. We've nothin' here but our good name to live upon, and so do mind what you're about." And Blast uttered this with such mock earnestness, looked so knowingly in the face of St. Giles, that, unconsciously, he shrank from the speaker, who continued: "Is it likely now, that you could think anybody in this lane would pick a gentleman's pocket? Bless your heart! we're all so honest here, we are," and Blast laughed.

"I thought you told me," said St. Giles, confused, "that you lived somewhere away at Horsleydown."

"Lor love you! folks as are poor like us have, you know, a dozen town-houses; besides country ones under hedges and hay-stacks. We can easily move about: we have n't much to stop us. And now, to business. You've really lost your handkercher!"

"Tis n't that I care about it," said Giles, "only you see 't was given me by somebody."

"Given! To be sure. Folks do give away things, don't they? All the world's gone mad, I think; people do so give away." St. Giles' heart fell at the laughing, malignant look with which Blast gazed upon him. It was plain that he was once again in the hands of his master; again in the power of the devil that had first sold him. "Howsoever," continued Blast, "if you've really been robbed, and the thief's in this house, shall I go and fetch a officer? You don't think, sir, do you?"—and Blast grinned and bowed his head—"you don't think, sir, as how I'd perfect anybody as had broke the laws of my native land? Is it likely? Only say the word. Shall I go for a officer?"

"No; never mind—it does n't matter. Still, I've a fancy for that handkercher, and will give more than it's worth for it."

"Well, that's like a nobleman, that is. Here, Jingo!"—cried Blast, stepping a pace or two into the passage, and bawling his lustiest—"Jingo, here's the gen'leman as has lost the handkercher

you found; bring it down, my beauty." Obedient to the command, a half-naked child—with the very look and manner of St. Giles' former self—instantly appeared, with the stolen goods in his hand. "He's sich a lucky little chap, this is,"—said Blast—"nothin's lost hereabout, that he does n't find it. Give the fogle to the gen'leman; and who knows? perhaps, he'll give you a guinea for it." The boy obeyed the order, and stood with open hand for reward. St. Giles was about to bestow a shilling, when Tom Blast sidled towards him, and in an affected tone of confidence said—"Could n't think o' letting you do sich a thing."

"And why not?" asked St. Giles, becoming more and more terrified at the bold familiarity of the ruffian. "Why not?"

"Tis n't right; not at all proper; not at all what I call natral"—and here Blast whispered in St. Giles' ear—"that money should pass between brothers."

"Brothers!" cried St. Giles.

"Ha, sir!" said Blast, taking his former manner—"you don't know what a woman that Mrs. St. Giles was! She was a good soul, was n't she?"

"You must know that her little boy fell in trouble about a pony; and then he was in Newgate, being made all right for Tyburn, just as this little feller was born. And then they took and transported young St. Giles; and he never seed his mother—never know'd nothin' that she'd got a little baby."

"And she's dead!" cried St. Giles.

"And, this I will say," answered Blast, "comfortably buried. She was a good soul—too good for this world. You didn't know St. Giles, did you?" said Blast with a laugh.

"Why do you ask?" replied the trembling transport.

"Because if you did, you must see the likeness. Come here, Jingo," and Blast laid one hand upon the urchin's head, and with the other pointed out his many traits of resemblance. "There's the same eye for a fogle—the same nose—the same everything. And oh, is n't he fond o' ponies, neither! just like his poor dear brother as is far away in Botany Bay. Don't you see that he's the very spit on him?" cried Blast.

"I can't say; how should I know?" answered St. Giles, about to hurry off; and then he felt a strange interest in the victim, and paused and asked—"Who takes care of him, now his mother's gone?"

"He has n't a friend in the world but me," said Blast.

"God help him!" thought St. Giles.

"And I—though you'd never think it!"—continued Blast, "I love the little varmint, just as much as if I was his own father."

**EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.**—It is said that at that period of his life when the consequences of his infatuated conduct had fully developed themselves in unforeseen reverses, Napoleon, driven to the necessity of defending himself within his own kingdom, with the shattered remnant of his army, had taken up a position at Brienne, the very spot where he had received the rudiments of his early education, when, unexpectedly, and while he was anxiously employed in a practical application of those military principles which first exercised the energies of his young mind in the college of Brienne, his attention was arrested by the

sound of the church clock. The pomp of his imperial court, and even the glories of Marengo and of Austerlitz, faded for a moment from his regard, and almost from his recollection. Fixed for a while to the spot on which he stood, in motionless attention to the well-known sound, he at length gave utterance to his feelings, and condemned the tenor of all his subsequent life, by confessing that the hours then brought back to his recollection were happier than any he had experienced throughout the whole course of his tempestuous career.—*Kidd.*

From the *Spectator*, 30 August.

#### APPROACHING CRISIS.

In a very useful paper, this morning, the *Times* raises a note of warning against the dangerous excess of the speculation in railway affairs; supplying some striking facts, which show that the real excess is even greater than it appears, more beyond the control of the discreetest among the speculators, and more menacing in its consequences. Although the subject has already been discussed in the *Spectator*, we do not scruple to give our readers an abridgment of the observations coming from so important a coadjutor.

"We have carefully investigated the amount of capital embarked in railways, the number of shares in the market, and the value of the premiums upon them. It appears that 44 companies have been formed during the last twelve months; of which the total capital engaged is 35,510,000*l.*, the number of shares is 1,086,650, and the total value of the premiums on those shares as quoted is 3,559,000*l.*

"We find, further, that there are 58 companies, of which, although neither the number of shares, nor their nominal amount, nor the amount paid up is stated, yet the premiums of such as are quoted (and they are not many) give an average premium of 6*l.* per share: but, adopting as the basis of calculation the facts which appear as to the 44 companies of which the details are before us, we may assume that the capital embarked in these 58 companies is 46,490,000*l.*, the number of shares 1,413,000, and the value of premiums is 4,641,000*l.* We know further, from the General Share List, that the rise in the price of shares in the 27 companies which have existed more than a year, amounts on the whole to 13,491,-000*l.*; the number of shares in such companies exceeding 9,100,000; the total result, then, is, that the number of railway-shares which are the subject of speculation is as follows—

In 27 old companies,	9,100,000
In 44 companies established within twelve months,	1,086,650
In 58 new companies,	1,413,000

Making a total of shares of . . . . 11,599,650 The rise of price or premium on which amounts to 15,990,000*l.* The capital required for the 102 companies in the second and third classes alone amounts to not less than 82,000,000*l.*; but in addition to this, which has reference only to railways in the United Kingdom, we are aware of the names of not less than 20 foreign railways, of which shares to the amount of 10,100,000*l.* are in the London market alone. On account of these latter, remittances have already been made to the continent to an amount of 3,000,000*l.*; and it is impossible to estimate the probable remittances in twelve months to come at less than 10,000,000*l.* of money. It is difficult, indeed, to assign limits to the extent to which demands may be made here with reference to foreign railways; for as the laws of Belgium prohibit the sale of any share in a railway until the works are completed and the operations on the railroad commenced, there is a manifest inducement to the speculator in that country to extend, by every possible means, transactions in this country which in his own are effectually prevented."

The printed list returned to the House of Commons, of persons holding shares in the several railways submitted to parliament, to an amount

exceeding 2,000*l.*, which includes women and subordinates in official situations as subscribers for such enormous sums as 50,000*l.* to 600,000*l.*, shows how few are possessed of the means to realize their engagements. The list of subscribers under 2,000*l.* would very likely prove to be equally fictitious; and speculations in foreign railways stand in the same category. "From these facts two circumstances are evident—first, that the demand for payments on shares of foreign railways must create at an early period a pressure on the money-market of this country; and secondly, that, independently of such a drain for foreign remittance, the sums required for the fulfilment of domestic engagements exceed the surplus capital properly applicable to such purposes, and can only be supplied, if supplied at all, by an extensive sale of other securities."

Moreover, in the temporary absence of restriction occasioned by the postponement of the bill for regulating joint-stock banks in Scotland, advantage has been taken "to establish in that country joint-stock banks on dangerous principles, the profits of which are mainly to depend upon advances to be made upon the security of railway shares."

How far these facts differ from those recorded in the history of the South Sea bubble of 1720, excepting in the absence of encouragement from the government, the reader may judge. Those even who deem themselves moderate in their speculations may be dragged into the vortex by the recklessness of others, who, without capital, exist on the probability of an advance in prices, and in their efforts to promote that advance are hastening the explosion. "If evidence of such results, taken from later times, be required, we might safely refer to the periods of 1825-6 and 1835-6. At both periods inordinate speculations, by means of commercial companies in the one case, and by investments in foreign securities in the other, led to disasters from which the country did not recover for some years afterwards."

"From such grievous disasters we believe that there is yet time to escape, if those who hold high stations in the commercial world will only decidedly discountenance this speculative gambling by not accepting as security fictitious railway stock, and by withholding their countenance as well as their credit from those who are engaged in such hazardous transactions."

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A SOMEWHAT novel incident occurred very recently at the terminus of the South-western Railway at Vauxhall. A carrier-pigeon was seen in an exhausted state; it was caught by hand, but died shortly afterwards. A label was appended to one of its legs, addressed to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, which stated that three pigeons were thrown up at the island of Ichaboe, and bore date July, 1845. The distance is computed to be between two and three thousand miles from the place where the pigeon appears to have been liberated, to its destination in London. The bird, with its appendage, was immediately forwarded to Apsley House; and the Duke of Wellington, by an autograph note, the next day courteously acknowledged the receipt from the party who sent the bird. It has been stuffed; and in the process it has been discovered that the bird was shot, otherwise there can be no doubt it would have reached home; and it is supposed not to have had strength to cross the Thames.—*Correspondent of the Morning Post.*

## THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN GERMANY.

Too little is known in this country of Ronge, Czersky, and their followers, to supply materials for an estimate of the character and importance of the new schism in the Roman Catholic Church of Germany. But the sect is probably strong and increasing, since the mob have betaken themselves to break windows and pelt princes in its behalf; that being the test by which governments in all ages have agreed to measure the reality and intensity of religious or political enthusiasm.

To those who have paid attention to the progress of opinion among the Roman Catholics of Germany for the last half-century, the defection of Ronge, and the apparently rapid progress of his doctrines, are not surprising. His secession is no unprepared or isolated event; it is rather the natural consequence of a number of preparatory incidents. About 1798, the priest Becker of Paderborn (Westphalia) was imprisoned by order of his ecclesiastical superiors, the Prebends of the Cathedral. He never was brought to trial: the prime bishop and his councillors felt that a rash step had been taken, and connived at the old man's escape into a secular and Protestant territory. The rest of his life was wasted in litigation with those who incarcerated but dared not bring a definite charge against him. Extracts (MS.) from his journal, written in confinement, are in our possession; and it indicates his offence with sufficient clearness. He had been in the habit of instituting Sunday schools; he had expressed a conviction that the religious processions of both sexes from village to village with the images of saints, in the course of which liquor was offered to the "pilgrims" at every farm-house and accepted by them, were productive of indecorums and graver offences against morality; he was involved in a controversy with other priests on the relative importance of such formal observances and the observance of moral duties; discouraged by his superiors, in the heat of argument he did not scruple to glance at the gallantry and general laxity of the prebends who owed their stalls to their "quarterings;" and finally, he spoke of Luther as a great man, whose rebellion against the church was extenuated by the abuses against which he had struggled in vain. At that time and since, there have been not a few Beckers among the inferior Roman Catholic clergy, scattered through Germany, uninfluential because they had no communication with each other, and because their superiors judiciously refrained from persecuting them. There was another powerful element at work to modify the creed of the German adherents of the Italian Church. Under the empire, ecclesiastical electors and other prelates possessing secular jurisdiction necessarily had each his staff of secular councillors. Like almost all the literary class of their country, the ablest and most energetic of these men were about the beginning of the present century disciples of the French Revolutionary school of politics; and more than one of the dignified clergy themselves had leanings that way. At the disruption of the empire, an elector of Mayence did not scruple to take upon him the office of Fürst Primas of the confederation of the Rhine. Under the protection of these free-thinking dignitaries and their councils, latent dissent within the church continued to gain ground. The personal impunity with which Hermes, Van Eck, and others have disseminated their neological opinions, and the persevering clamorous urgency of the

Silesian priesthood to be allowed to take unto themselves wives, with many other local phenomena of a kindred character, have long convinced the observant that reform (or innovation) from within was at hand in the German province of the Romish Church. Ronge and Czersky, like most other ecclesiastical and political reformers, are little more than accidents—the local weather-flaw, that becomes, in an atmosphere saturated with electricity, the nucleus of a storm.

What direction the movement will take—what consequences it will lead to—may admit, in the quaint language of the author of *Urn Burial*, of "a wide conjecture." Its more immediate effects in Germany will possibly disturb the territorial relations and balance of power in the confederacy. The reigning house in Saxony appears to have opposed itself with keen partisanship to the German Catholics. The proselytizing spirit of these princes has long rendered them objects of jealousy to the zealously Protestant people over whom they reign. On the other hand, the Prussian government appears to be countenancing the German Catholics, with just enough of seeming reluctance to take from neighbor princes any ground for remonstrance. The Prussian government and the royal house of Saxony are to all appearance placing themselves at the heads of the opposing parties. The relentless pertinacity with which Prussia has for more than a hundred years kept adding territory to territory, clearly indicates what is likely to be, under these circumstances, the result of any popular commotion; and the insult offered to Prince John, and the blood shed by the soldiers at Leipzig, may be the beginning of one. In a few years, the remaining third\* of the Saxon Electorate may be annexed to Prussia.

But it is not likely that the effects of the movement among the Roman Catholics of Germany will be confined to that country. Though diffused over many lands, the Roman Catholic Church is one body; a disturbance in any part of it vibrates immediately through the whole. In certain states of the public opinion of the church, it is peculiarly liable to be weakened by assaults like that of Ronge. It is not easy to parry an argument that appeals to the evidence of the senses. Many who would pay little attention to abstract reasoning against the miraculous virtues of the holy coat of Treves, are shaken when they are told that there are actually three holy coats in existence, all possessed of equal virtues. By persisting to attribute infallibility to the office of priest, (if not to the office-bearer,) the Romish Church lays itself bare to attacks which cannot reach Protestant sects, who attribute infallibility to Scripture alone, and can always withdraw from an untenable position under the cover of a "misinterpretation." A Protestant error weakens only the individual, a Roman Catholic error weakens the church. The effects of a controversy like that raised by Ronge can be confined to the country or district in which it originates only when the Roman Catholics of other countries are not predisposed to controversy. But over most part of Europe they are at this moment so predisposed. In Switzerland, the Jesuit controversy has opened a door to the sectaries of Ronge. In France, the University controversy has had the same effect. In Belgium, the priests have not always used the influence wisely

\* A German compendium of Geography says, "The present Kingdom of Saxony consists of about one third of the former Electorate."

which the Revolution threw into their hands. In Ireland, the M'Haes and Higgenses are not ill-adapted to be precursors of some Irish Ronge; and the ardor of some ecclesiastical repealers is likely enough to predispose the Catholic aristocracy to a schism. As at the time of the Lutheran Reformation, the Italian priesthood will in all probability make it a question of national ascendancy in the church; and Austria, from fear of all innovation, will support them. In Italy and the Austrian dominions, the schism is least likely to be felt; though in the latter, German Catholicism may find a point d'appui in Transylvania, while in the more sequestered districts of Moravia and Bohemia the traditional influence of the doctrines of the Moravian Brothers and John of Huss may not yet be utterly extinct.

The progress of this new sect is a matter of general interest; for it may alter the relations of internal parties in most European states, and diminish or increase the territories of leading members of the great European confederation.

*Biographical and Critical Miscellanies.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, author of "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," &c.

WITH the exception of a life of Brown the novelist, written for Spark's *American Biography*, this volume consists of a dozen articles by Mr. Prescott, originally published in the *North American Review*. The collection has probably originated in the success which has attended the same kind of reprint in the cases of Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and Jeffrey; but Mr. Prescott's reviews seem unlikely to attract similar attention in a collected shape. The article is the form in which the three writers just mentioned gave their principal prose productions to the world; not surely by accident, or to meet the market for periodical literature, but because their genius and their habits induced them to throw their best thoughts into that particular style of composition. Mr. Prescott's strength lies in another and perhaps a higher line; and these reviews and notices strike us as being rather effusions than studies. It is not to be inferred from this remark that they are crude or careless, in despite of the author's intimation that he so esteems them; but that he has not thrown himself into them with all his heart and with all his strength, which are exhibited to most advantage in another direction. Indeed, the very excellence of these papers for their original place less adapts them for another. They are strictly "notices," especially where the book is new; containing an account of the subject, abridged, condensed, or distilled from the work under notice—general remarks, perhaps "common-places," upon the subject and its correlatives, where such matter is in place—and a criticism upon the book or hero of the biography, always good-natured and mostly brief. But there is none of that sublimated and searching sense mingled with the scorching facetiousness which gave originality and permanence to the views of Sydney Smith, and preserved them by a salt not Attic but his own. We have looked in vain for the florid brilliancy of narrative, disquisition, or illustration, mingled with exaggeration in fact and perhaps paradox in conclusion, which give such force and spirit to Macaulay's articles, whether putting forward his own views or dressing up the matter he "conveys" from his author. In the general characteristics of

the notice, Mr. Prescott has more in common with Jeffrey: but there is not the refined and critical acumen with the delicate sarcasm, which distinguished the editor of the *Edinburgh*; neither are the subjects always so interesting, at least they are not treated so largely or so broadly.—*Spectator*,

#### THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

RECKLESS speculators, when their bills were about to fall due, have been known to draw other bills for larger sums, discount them at a loss, and meet the present liability by incurring a greater at no distant period. Financial operations of this kind have been generally understood to indicate the desperation of men whose career was near a close.

If this symptom has been rightly interpreted, there is good ground to apprehend that the general railway crash, which has been anxiously looked forward to by many, cannot be far distant. The parties who have speculated in "shares" beyond their means are devising plans to raise money for present use at the risk of increased liabilities for the future—if not, indeed, plans for drawing their own necks out of the noose and leaving others dangling as Punch leaves the hangman.

Some ingenious Scotchmen are about to open new joint-stock banks or loan companies, for the purpose principally of making advances to assist railway speculators, which the more cautious established banks refuse; and in the prospectuses of some of these companies, the names of gentlemen who occupy conspicuous positions in the list of parties holding railway shares to the amount of 2000*l.* and upwards figure as directors. This is not all: the prospectuses intimate that the interim directors are to retain the absolute management in their hands for the first year; and that, as most of the shares are already appropriated, offers for those that have been reserved will only be received from capitalists of unquestionable solidity.

The conception of this scheme for raising the wherewithal to pay inconvenient calls does honor to the ingenuity of the contrivers. But the delicate conception is spoiled by the bungling execution. The hint that none but parties with plenty of cash will be received into the copartnery, and that the management is to be left entirely in the hands of the present partners, is rather too broad. Jeremy Diddler's "Sam! you have not such a thing as half-a-crown about you!" was a refined finesse in comparison.

The private blower of wind-bills and flier of kites does harm within a very limited sphere: but joint-stock banks, when the speculation mania is ripe, have a Warner's "long range" of mischief in them. It is consoling to reflect, that in the present instances recklessness of consequences is not combined with adequate skill of execution.—*Spectator*, August 30.

A BATCH of one-pound notes, amounting to 632*l.*, was paid into the Bank on Friday week, by the trustees to the will of James Satcherley, an old man, (a beggar,) who died in a cellar at Shadwell some weeks back. After his decease, the notes and other moneys were found concealed, together with a species of will, in a cupboard. The notes must have been hoarded many years.

## WEATHER-PANICS.

THE moist and foggy climate of England is proverbial with foreigners, and matter of half-melancholy joke with Englishmen themselves. The perpetual verdure of our fields bespeaks us denizens of a rainy zone—inhabitants of an intermitting shower-bath. Our speech bewrayeth us; the weather is ever uppermost in our thoughts, and the first thing spoken of when friends meet. Aquarius is our constellation.

The natives of such a clime might naturally be imagined as exempt from fear of rain as Mephistopheles alleges Faust, the sworn brother of the Devil, ought to be from fear of fire. It is their element, which they ought to know cannot harm them or theirs. Yet they are as shy of rain as a kitten of dew when it first ventures abroad of a morning. England is a land where short crops occasionally occur, but where the years of utter blight which often lay other lands desolate are scarcely known: despite our frequent wet, raw, and ungenial summers, within the memory of our fathers and fathers' fathers seed-time and harvest have not failed. Yet to an Englishman a wet month of July immediately conjures up visions of famine with pestilence and bankruptcies in its train. Burns was wrong when he said that they who are "constantly on poorith's brink" are little terrified by the sight: it is only those who are steeped in it over head and ears who become resigned to their fate. It is in those to whom a chance of emerging seems still open that the fear is strongest, to which the thoughtless Dives and the desperate Lazarus are alike inaccessible. And so with Englishmen and the weather. Were their climate one in which no corn could grow, they would never think of crops; and were it so genial that the crops were always redundant, they would wax insensible to the blessing from sheer excess. But, living in a region to which hope ever comes, and from which fear never entirely departs, they abandon themselves too readily to unmanly fears. They are weather valetudinarians, a nation of Gratianos—"the wind cooling their broth blows them to an ague."

The public is slowly recovering from a sharp paroxysm of this kind. During the last two or three days it has been laid out to dry in the sun; and as it warms in the rays, it begins to admit that Englishmen and English crops, like English frogs, take a great deal of drowning.—*Spectator*, 23 Aug.

**PERSIA.**—The *Journal des Débats* contains a letter from Tehran, giving a rapid and highly favorable review of the reforms instituted by Feth-Ali-Shah, the present King of Persia. One passage in the letter is especially interesting. "Now that complete harmony reigns between Persia and the neighboring states, the king, seconded by Hadji-Mirza-Agassi, [his former tutor and present minister,] continues to ameliorate as much as possible the administration of all public offices. Following out the suggestions which have been made, he has established in his palace a school for the French language, in order to train interpreters and translators. This instruction, which has been intrusted to the first secretary-interpreter of the king, will establish new ties of sympathy between Persia and civilized Europe; it will become in time a real normal school which will furnish a machinery for all scientific pursuits. Already several pupils of this school have been selected by the

king to follow the courses of anatomy, medicine, and surgery professed by Mirza-Labal-Khan, a French doctor in the service of Persia, and his majesty's first physician. The most distinguished pupils will be sent to France, at the expense of government, to complete their studies, and to complete their knowledge of European civilization. Many of these young men, belonging to the first families in the court of the shah, have already arrived at Paris; where they will remain for four or five years."

AN American writer, whose letter appears in the *Memorial de Rouen*, describes a miracle of mechanical science, of the "wonderful if true" class. "William Evans has resolved a problem, which must overturn our present system of railway and steam-boat propulsion. By means of enormous compression, he has succeeded in liquifying atmospheric air; and then a few drops only of some chemical composition, poured into it, suffice to make it resume its original volume with an elastic force quite prodigious. An experiment on a large scale has just been made. A train of twenty loaded wagons was transmitted a distance of sixty miles in less than an hour and a quarter—the whole motive power being the liquid air enclosed in a vessel of two gallons and a half measure; into which fell, drop by drop, and from minute to minute, the chemical composition in question. Already subscriptions are abundant, and a society is in course of formation. The inventor declares that an ordinary packet-boat may make the passage from Philadelphia to Havre in eight days, carrying a ton of this liquid air. A steam-engine of six-horse-power will produce that quantity in eight hours.

**THE Constitutionnel** mentions the discovery of a remarkable cavern near Guelma, in Africa. This cavern is formed in an immense calcareous rock, and has but one entrance, which is to the northward. It descends to a depth of 400 metres (the metre is about a yard) below the surface of the earth, by an inclined plane, the extreme length 1,200 metres. It is furnished with stalactites of a thousand different forms, and the passage is impeded by huge blocks of stone which have detached themselves from the vault. But that which contributes most to the interest of this immense cavern, is the Latin inscriptions which are carved near the entrance, and which belong to the early ages of Christianity. Most of them are illegible; however, among them may be very distinctly deciphered the name "Donatus." No doubt, the first Christians of Africa took refuge in this place during the periods of persecution. The Arabs relate the most absurd legends about it; and none of them ever venture in, dreading to be seized by the guardian genius who is supposed to dwell there. However, the French, who explored it, succeeded in persuading the Sheik Deradji-Ben-Kerad to accompany them; previously to which, not a soul is supposed to have disturbed the silence of it for many centuries.

"In one of Mr. Hosken's granite quarries, near Penryn, the other day," says the *Falmouth Packet*, "a fine mass of granite, which admeasures about 14,000 cubic feet, its weight above 1,000 tons, was detached from the surrounding rock by means of a charge of twenty-five pounds of gunpowder. In the explosion, the entire mass was distinctly seen to leap from its natural bed."

From the Examiner.

*Letters from Italy.* By J. T. HEADLEY. Wiley  
and Putnam.

THIS is a very droll book; a perfect picture of young America swaggering about Italian towns, with its hat exceedingly on one side, its hands in its coat pockets, and snatches of an entirely unknown tongue on its lips. The letters present the uncommon feature of not having been originally written with a view to publication. Their inditer is of opinion that they would "very probably have been worse written if they had been." In that case (though we question its possibility) they would have been curiosities indeed. In the author's own choice language, they would have been calculated to "corner" the public pretty considerably.

We must take leave to "dicker" with him, however, (if he will allow us to adopt another of his expressions,) on one or two slight points of fact. We would venture to suggest that the custom which prevails among the washerwomen at Genoa, for instance, of washing clothes in cold water, and in streams and rivers, is not so much attributable to the peculiar and special dearth of fuel in that particular city, as to its being the general practice throughout that small extent of country which lies between Paris and Sicily. We have a confused recollection of having heard or read that the Strada Nuova, the most remarkable street in the same city of Genoa, is both level and straight. The fame of the Roman church of San Giovanni in Laterano has never reached us. We came newly to the contemplation of a coin called a *scudi*. The *baiocca* is also quite a novel kind of currency. We have never heard of a marble bridge across the Tiber, built by Michael Angelo; though we think we have heard of a little bridge and castle named after *Saint Angelo*, who is not generally known to have been identical with the sculptor. The "mazzro" (so called, perhaps, from having some connexion with the mazzard; it being described by Mr. Headley as the veil of a Genoese woman) is a garment we should of all things like to behold; the name being singular, and, so far as we know, unique.

This entertaining traveller has many styles and methods of communicating his information. Sometimes it is remarkably concise; as where he tells us that "Terracina is a dirty hole—the women blackguards, and the landlord a rascal." Sometimes it is of a rather contradictory nature; as where he gives us to understand of a certain Commodore Morgan that he is "every inch a sailor," and consequently that "his soldier-like bearing attracts universal attention." Sometimes it is poetical; as where he holds forth on a certain lady (after calculating the value of her diamonds in American dollars) to this agonizing effect; "I never saw a being float so through a saloon, as if her body were a feather, and her soul the zephyr that floated in it." Sometimes he displays a sanguine and a hopeful spirit; as when he says of a certain cicerone, after a long conversation, "he began to mistrust I was a sensible man."

Mr. Headley takes occasion to observe that the "classic land" has long been a portion of "the scholar's dreams;" which would not have been at all an original observation, if he had not meant the dreams of himself. And undoubtedly his scholarship is of the dreamiest kind. He suffo-

cates the Younger Pliny in a fit of fatal curiosity at Pompeii; and is reminded of nothing so much, on the Appian Way, as of the efforts of the "Pelasgi" to crush the infant empire!

But we "liked to have forgotten," as Mr. Headley says, two personal anecdotes, which show how easily a modest traveller may confound specialities with generalities. This is the first:

"The other day I was leaning over the balcony of our window at the hotel, watching the motley groups that passed and repassed, and listening to the strange Genoese jargon that every one seemed to understand but myself, when my attention was attracted by an elegantly dressed woman who was sauntering leisurely along up the street that my window faced. As she came near, her eye fell on me, and, her curiosity apparently excited by my foreign look, she steadily scrutinized me as she approached. My appearance might have been somewhat *outré*, but still I did not think it was worth such a *particular* scrutiny, especially from a lady. But she had not the slightest concern about my thoughts on the matter. She wished simply to gratify her own curiosity; so when she had got within the most convenient reconnoitering distance, she deliberately paused, and lifting her quizzing-glass to her eye, coolly scanned me from head to foot. When she had finished, she quietly placed her glass in her belt, and with a smile of self-satisfaction on her face, walked on."

And this, the second:

"As I was once coming down from Mount Vesuvius, I passed an Italian lady with her husband, who, by their attendants, I took for persons of distinction. I had an immense stick in my hand, with which I had descended into the crater. As I rode slowly by, she turned to me in the pleasantest manner, and said, 'Ha un grand bastone, signore,' (you have got a large cane, sir.) I certainly did not respect her less for her 'forwardness!' (civility,) but on the contrary felt I would have gone any length to have served her."

In each of these cases, Mr. Headley may rely upon it, the lady was drawn towards him by an irresistible personal attraction. As he himself might write it, It was madness—It was love. For as a general principle, nothing on earth can possibly be more unlike the manners and customs of Italian ladies towards strangers in the streets, than these examples.

How Mr. Headley got a reputation for "dickering" may be pleasantly observed in this easy little incident.

"In bargaining for our meals and rooms, everything was so reasonable that we could not complain; and for once I did not attempt to beat down the landlord. The entire arrangement of the prices was always left to me in travelling, and I had acquired quite a reputation in dickered with the thieving Italian landlords and vetturini. We made the man specify the dishes he would give us; and among other things he mentioned an English pudding. This required some discussion; but we finally concluded not to trust an Italian in Salerno with such a dish, and had its place supplied with something else. He promised enough; and I was turning away quite satisfied, when my friends slyly hinted at my principle, never to close a bargain with an Italian on his own terms. It would n't do to lose my reputation; and so turning round, I very gravely said:

—“I suppose you will *throw* in the English pudding.” He as gravely and with blandness replied:—“Oh, yes.”

With two other anecdotes, also of a personal complexion, we must repudiate our extracts.

“This morning I received a note from an American gentleman inviting me to accompany him and his two sisters to the pope’s palace on the Quirinal. I was at the reading-room when they started, and as the carriage drove up the wheels came somewhat near to a peppery, half-crazy English cavalry officer. He began to swear and curse the driver, when I, somewhat piqued at his impudence in the presence of the ladies, stepped in and told the driver to move on. The officer immediately tipped his hat to me and apologized, and said in the blankest manner, ‘Mr. H., (calling me by name,) I believe your book is not in this library,’ (referring to the one attached to the reading-room.) How the fellow knew my name puzzled me, and the question and all taking me quite aback, I replied, What did you say, sir? ‘Are you not from New Orleans, and have you not written a work?’ I have not the pleasure of hailing from New Orleans, I replied, nor have I been guilty of writing a book.”

Vesuvius is the scene of what follows:

“As I sat on the edge of the crater, awed by the spectacle before me, our guide approached with some eatables, and two eggs had been cooked in the steam issuing from one of the apertures we had passed. My friend sat down very deliberately to eat his. I took mine in my hand mechanically, but was too much absorbed in the actions of the sullen monster below me to eat. Suddenly there was an explosion louder than any that had preceded it, hurling a larger, angrier mass into the air. My hand involuntarily closed tightly over the egg, and I was recalled to my senses by my friend calling out very deliberately at my feet to know what I was doing. I looked down, and there he sat quietly picking the shell from his egg, while *mine* was running a miniature volcano over his back and shoulders. I opened my hand, and there lay the crushed shell, while the contents were fast spreading over my friend’s broadcloth. I laughed outright, sacrilegious as it was. So much you see for the imagination you have so often scolded me about. I had lost my egg, while my friend, who took things more coolly, enjoyed not only the eating of his, but the consciousness of having eaten an egg boiled in the steam of Vesuvius.”

With this we may take our leave of Mr. Headley and his letters; heartily thanking him that since this day of dignity, he *has* been guilty of writing a book; hoping to find him some day “hailing” from some other part of the world: and “tipping our hat” to him gratefully for the entertainment it has given us. For whether we find him pluming himself on his aristocratic Italian acquaintances, and having a satisfaction peculiar to republicanism in the repetition of their titled names; or weighing and measuring the most unlikely and impossible things by the standards of “our country” and New York; or crunching the egg he has for lunch on Mount Vesuvius, in the convulsive grasp belonging to that wild imagination which his friends have “scolded him about;” or going to the *conversazioni* of unsuspecting governors of cities, and calculating in his book the cost of the refresh-

ments there provided, which are not tempting, he says, and may certainly be got for ten dollars a night;—he is ever the same agreeable person. Perhaps his best aspect is, his unconscious illustration of the natural acuteness of the common people in Italy, who certainly fooled Mr. Headley to the top of his bent—witness his recorded dialogues with them—whenever he gave them a chance.

From the Examiner.

*Journal of an African Cruiser.* By an officer of the U. S. Navy. Edited by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Wiley and Putnam.

THIS journal is freshly and cleverly written, and touches on a scene little hackneyed by journalists or travellers. The most inveterate “goer-ahead” of even the author’s countrymen, stops short at the west coast of Africa. Few visit *there*, as he drily remarks in his preface, unless driven by stern necessity; and still fewer, when arrived there, are disposed to struggle against the enervating influence of the climate, “and keep up even so much of intellectual activity as may suffice to fill a diurnal page of a common-place book.” We may congratulate the officer on his fair amount of activity in that respect. He writes unaffectedly on most subjects, and often with great animation.

We will not touch upon his views as to the slave trade; however easy it might be to retort upon his own government that suspicion of insincerity and doubtful motive which he does not scruple to charge upon the English; and which, remembering unexampled sacrifices, and tests of sincerity without parallel, we can very well afford to bear. It would certainly not be difficult to show that our officer fails to refute the American abolitionist party, (whose wisdom in any other respect we should be chary to affirm,) in his argument on their charge against the United States navy for a manifest reluctance to capture slave-ships. The thing is on his lip, but not in his heart. He argues stoutly, but the tenor of his volume is against his argument. You see at once that, though stoppage of the slave trade was the colorable motive of the cruise, all the principal exertions discoverable in the course of it, were exclusively directed to the furtherance and protection of American commerce and American interests in Liberia.

As for what he says of England in this matter, it is a mere repetition of the foreign cant long prevalent, especially in France. It has always been a thing incomprehensible to our lively neighbors, that a money-getting, money-keeping country, should have spent twenty millions upon an act of humanity. Even M. Thiers, though he cannot countenance the dark Machiavellian charges of his journalist friends on this head, thinks it decent in the fourth volume of his *history*, (just issued in Mr. Colburn’s authorized translation,) to exclaim, with a self-satisfied chuckle, that English slave emancipation has proved “*a total failure!*”

Yet even on this question of slavery—so difficult for any American to approach without the strongest prejudices that birth and education can implant—the author of this lively and well-written book does not wholly lose the pervading frank-

ness and sailor-like manliness of his character. Observe his confession.

"When the white man sets his foot on the shore of Africa, he finds it necessary to throw off his former prejudices. For my own part, I have dined at the tables of many colored men in Liberia, have entertained them on shipboard, worshipped with them at church; walked, rode, and associated with them, as equal with equal, if not as friend with friend. Were I to meet those men in my own town, and among my own relatives, I would treat them kindly and hospitably, as they have treated me. My position would give me confidence to do so. But, in another city, where I might be known to few, should I follow the dictates of my head and heart, and there treat these colored men as brethren and equals, it would imply the exercise of greater moral courage than I have ever been conscious of possessing. This is sad; but it shows forcibly what the colored race have to struggle against in America, and how vast an advantage is gained by removing them to another soil."

He goes further in another passage of his journal, and describes his having found, in a man of color, one of the shrewdest, most active, and most agreeable of Liberian colonists. This was Colonel Hicks: thus described.

"Once a slave in Kentucky, and afterwards in New Orleans, he is now a commission merchant in Monrovia, doing a business worth four or five thousand dollars per annum. Writing an elegant hand, he uses this accomplishment to the best advantage by inditing letters, on all occasions, to those who can give him business. If a French vessel shows her flag in the harbor, the colonel's krooman takes a letter to the master, written in his native language. If an American man-of-war, he writes in English, offering his services, and naming some person as his intimate friend, who will probably be known on board. Then he is so hospitable, and his house always so neat, and his table so good—his lady, moreover, is such a friendly, pleasant-tempered person, and so good-looking, into the bargain—that it is really a fortunate day for the stranger in Liberia, when he makes the acquaintance of Colonel and Mrs. Hicks. Every day, after the business of the morning is concluded, the colonel dresses for dinner, which appears upon the table at three o'clock. He presides with genuine elegance and taste: his stories are good and his quotations amusing. To be sure, he occasionally commits little mistakes, such, for instance, as speaking of America as his alma mater; but, on the whole, even without any allowance for a defective education, he appears wonderfully well. One circumstance is too indicative of strong sense, as well as good taste, not to be mentioned;—he is not ashamed of his color, but speaks of it without constraint, and without effort. Most colored men avoid alluding to their hue, thus betraying a morbid sensibility on the point, as if it were a disgraceful and afflictive dispensation. Altogether the colonel and his lady make many friends, and are as apparently happy, and as truly respectable, as any couple here or elsewhere."

Now if this hospitable, able, and excellent citizen were to present himself in New York, what would be his reception? Suppose him driving as a matter of course to the best hotel. Suppose him tendering his money at the box-door of a the-

atre. Suppose him resorting to church, to worship the Creator of all men. What is the impression that would be most bitterly conveyed to him in all these places? Why, that there may be tolerance or hope for any kind of iniquity in the states of free America, but that of a colored skin. He would be followed by a savage and cold-blooded proscription, which has no limit, no end. He would see it in the gaol and in the hospital: and it would follow him to the grave. Well may our intelligent officer call it "sad" indeed.

The principal topics of the journal comprise sketches of the Canaries, the Cape de Verds, Liberia, Madeira, Sierra Leone, Cape Coast, and other localities of interest on the western side. The cruise lasted some year and a half; and the cruising ground, we need hardly remind any reader of the truest history on record, embraced the very track of that most famous of all the navigators, Captain Robinson Crusoe, when he went trading for ivory, gold dust, and slaves—in no fear of anti-piratical ships of war, American or English.

From the many curious and graphic notices of native customs and character on the Liberian coast, we select the following.

"It is to be desired that some missionary should give an account of the degree and kind of natural religion among the native tribes. Their belief in the efficacy of sassy-wood to discover guilt or innocence, indicates a faith in an invisible Equity. Some of them, however, select the most ridiculous of animals, the monkey, as their visible symbol of the Deity; or, as appears more probable, they stand in spiritual awe of him, from an idea that the souls of the dead are again embodied in this shape. Under this impression, they pay a kind of worship to the monkey, and never kill him near a burial-place; and though, in other situations, they kill and eat him, they endeavor to propitiate his favor by respectful language, and the use of charms. Other natives, in the neighborhood of Gaboon, worship the shark, and throw slaves to him to be devoured.

"On the whole, their morality is superior to their religion—at least, as between members of the same tribe—although they seem scarcely to acknowledge moral obligations in respect to strangers. Their landmarks, for instance, are held sacred among the individuals of a tribe. A father takes his son, and points out the 'stake and stones' which mark the boundary between him and his neighbor. There needs no other registry. Land passes from sire to son, and is sold and bought with as undisputed and secure a title as all our deeds and formalities can establish. But, between different tribes, wars frequently arise on disputed boundary questions, and in consequence of encroachments made by either party. 'Land-palavers' and 'Woman-palavers' are the great causes of war. Veracity seems to be the virtue most indiscriminately practised, as well towards the stranger as the brother. The natives are cautious as to the accuracy of the stories which they promulgate, and seldom make a stronger asseveration than 'I tink he be true!' Yet their consciences do not shrink from the use of falsehood and artifice, where these appear expedient.

"The natives are not insensible to the advantages of education. They are fond of having their children in the families of colonists, where

they learn English, and the manners of civilized life, and get plenty to eat. Probably the parents hope, in this way, to endow their offspring with some of the advantages which they suppose the white man to possess over the colored race. So sensible are they of their own inferiority, that if a person looks sternly in the face of a native, when about to be attacked by him, and calls out to him loudly, the chances are ten to one that the native runs away. This effect is analogous to that which the eye of man is said to exert on the fiercest of savage beasts. The same involuntary and sad acknowledgment of a lower order of being appears in their whole intercourse with the whites. Yet such self-abasement is scarcely just; for the slave-traders, who constitute the specimens of civilized man with whom the natives have hitherto been most familiar, are by no means on a par with themselves in a moral point of view. It is a pity to see such awful homage rendered to the mere intellect, apart from truth and goodness.

"It is a redeeming trait of the native character, so far as it goes, that women are not wholly without influence in the public councils. If, when a tribe is debating the expediency of going to war, the women come beneath the council-tree, and represent the evils that will result, their opinion will have great weight, and may probably turn the scale in favor of peace. On the other hand, if the women express a wish that *they were men*, in order that they might go to war, the warriors declare for it at once. It is to be feared, that there is an innate fierceness even in the gentler sex, which makes them as likely to give their voices for war as for peace. It is a feminine office and privilege, on the African coast, to torture prisoners taken in war, by sticking thorns in their flesh, and in various other modes, before they are put to death. The unfortunate Captain Farwell underwent three hours of torture, at the hands of the women and children. So, likewise, did the mate of Captain Burke's vessel, at Sinoe."

There are many remarks of this kind on the various phases of native habits and life, with the same strange blending of the ludicrous and sorrowful. On the whole, the condition of the African is wretched enough; and the officer doubts if the influence of the missionaries, in those portions of the territory where the colonists exercise jurisdiction, has been salutary. In points of this kind he speaks with considerable authority, because with evident frankness. We cannot so freely admit his freedom from a certain bias, in speaking of the prospects of the Liberian colony. His sanguine expressions on this head are certainly not borne out by the facts and examples he adduces.

But we have said enough to direct the reader's attention to the volume generally, (it appears to be part of a series, to which Mr. Headley's silly book above noticed seems also to belong, in the shape and on the plan of Mr. Murray's excellent *Colonial Library*;) and we shall occupy what remains of our space with the lively extractable matter it so much abounds in.

#### AN AFRICAN BEAUTY.

"Sitting with my friend Jack Purser, yesterday, a young woman came up, with her pipe in her mouth. A cloth around her loins, dyed with gay colors, composed her whole drapery, leaving

her figure as fully exposed as the most classic sculptor could have wished. It is to be observed, however, that the sable hue is in itself a kind of veil, and takes away from that sense of nudity which would so oppress the eye, were a woman of our own race to present herself so scantily attired. The native lady in question was tall, finely shaped, and would have been not a little attractive, but for the white clay with which she has seen fit to smear her face and bosom. Around her ankles were many rows of blue beads, which also encircled her leg below the knee, thus supplying the place of garters, although stockings were dispensed with. Her smile was pleasant, and her disposition seemed agreeable: and, certainly if the rest of Jack Purser's wives (for this was one of the nine-and-twenty) be so well-fitted to make him happy, the sum total of his conjugal felicity must be enormous."

Jack Purser was a large shrewd Krooman; the representative of a middle class between the savage and the civilized; the maker of enormous gains by his dealings between the two; and the husband of twenty-nine wives.

#### USES OF A BUSTLE.

"The most remarkable article of dress is one which I have vaguely understood to constitute a part of the equipment of my own fair country-women—in a word, the veritable bustle. Among the belles of Axim, there is a reason for the excrecence which does not exist elsewhere; for the little children ride astride of the maternal bustle, which thus becomes as useful, as it is unquestionably ornamental. Fashion, however, has evidently more to do with the matter than convenience; for old wrinkled grandams wear these beautiful anomalies, and little girls of eight years old display protuberances that might excite the envy of a Broadway belle. Indeed, fashion may be said to have its perfect triumph and utmost refinement in this article; it being a positive fact, that some of the Axim girls wear merely the bustle, without so much as the shadow of a garment. Its native name is 'tarb koshe.' "

And truly, to judge from "native" specimens of the "tarb koshe" in our London shop-windows just now, one might argue, from a late enormous growth in its proportions, a growing tendency in civilized life to that Axim fashion of dispensing with any other garment.

#### AFRICAN MORALITIES.

"Should the wife be suspected of infidelity, the husband may charge her with it, and demand that she drink the poisonous decoction of sassy-wood, which is used as the test of guilt or innocence, in all cases that are considered too uncertain for human judgment. If her stomach free itself from the fatal draught by vomiting, she is declared innocent, and is taken back by her family without repayment of the dower. On the other hand, if the poison begin to take effect, she is pronounced guilty; an emetic is administered in the shape of soap; and her husband may, at his option, either send her home, or cut off her nose and ears.

"There is one sad discrepancy in the moral system of these people, as regards the virtue of the women. No disgrace is imputed to the wife who admits the immoral advances of a white man, provided it be done with the knowledge and consent of her husband. The latter, in whose eyes

the white man is one of a distinct and superior order of beings, usually considers himself honored by an affair of this nature, and makes it likewise a matter of profit. All proposals, in view of such a connexion, must pass through the husband; nor, it is affirmed, is there any hazard of wounding his delicacy, or awakening his resentment, whatever be his rank and respectability. The violated wife returns to the domestic roof with undiminished honor, and confines herself as rigidly within the limits of her nuptial vow, as if this singular suspension of it had never taken place."

#### A SEA-HORROR.

"As the gig was coming alongside, under sail, the tiller broke, and the coxswain, who was steering, fell overboard. He was a good swimmer, and struck out for the ship, not thirty yards distant, while the boat fell off rapidly to the leeward. In less than half a minute, a monstrous shark rose to the surface, seized the poor fellow by the body, and carried him instantly under. Two hundred men were looking on, without the power to afford assistance. We beheld the water stained with crimson for many yards around—but the victim was seen no more! Once only, a few seconds after his disappearance, the monster rose again to the surface, displaying a length of well nigh twenty feet, and then his immense tail above the water, as if in triumph and derision. It was like something preternatural; and terribly powerful he must have been, to take under so easily, and swallow, in a moment, one of the largest and most athletic men in the ship. Poor Ned Martin!"

#### L. E. L.'S GRAVE AT CAPE COAST CASTLE.

"The first thought that struck me was the inappropriateness of the spot for a grave, and especially for the grave of a woman, and, most of all, a woman of poetic temperament. In the open area of the fort, at some distance from the castle wall, the stone pavement had been removed in several spots, and replaced with plain tiles. Here lie buried some of the many British officers who have fallen victims to the deadly atmosphere of this region; and among them rests L. E. L. Her grave is distinguishable by the ten red tiles which cover it. Daily, the tropic sunshine blazes down upon the spot. Daily, at the hour of parade, the peal of military music resounds above her head, and the garrison marches and counter-marches through the area of the fortress, nor shuns to tread upon the ten red tiles, any more than upon the insensible stones of the pavement. It may be well for the fallen commander to be buried at his post, and sleep where the *réveillé* and roll-call may be heard, and the tramp of his fellow-soldiers echo and reecho over him. All this is in unison with his profession; the drum and trumpet are his perpetual requiem; the soldier's honorable tread leaves no indignity upon the dead warrior's dust. But who has a right to trample on a woman's breast? And what had L. E. L. to do with warlike parade? And wherefore was she buried beneath this scorching pavement, and not in the retired shadow of a garden, where seldom any footstep would come stealing through the grass, and pause before her tablet?"

There, her heart, while in one sense it decayed, would burst forth afresh from the sod in a profusion of spontaneous flowers, such as her living fancy lavished throughout the world. But now, no verdure nor blossom will ever grow upon her grave.

"If a man may ever indulge in sentiment, it is over the ashes of a woman whose poetry touched him in his early youth, while he yet cared anything about either sentiment or poetry. Thus much, the reader will pardon. In reference to Mrs. M'Lean, it may be added, that, subsequently to her unhappy death, different rumors were afloat as to its cause, some of them cruel to her own memory, others to the conduct of her husband. All these reports appear to have been equally and entirely unfounded. It is well established here, that her death was accidental."

#### SUNDAY IN MADEIRA.

"Sunday is not observed with much strictness in Madeira. On the evening of that day I called at a friend's house, where thirty or forty persons, all Portuguese, were collected, without invitation. Music, dancing, and cards were introduced for the entertainment of the guests. The elder portion sat down to whist; and, in a corner of a large dancing-room, one of the gentlemen established a faro-bank, which attracted most of the company to look on or bet. So much more powerful were the cards than the ladies, that it was found difficult to enlist gentlemen for a single cotillion. After a while dancing was abandoned, and cards ruled supreme. The married ladies made bets as freely as the gentlemen; and several young ones, though more reserved, yet found courage to put down their small stakes. I observed one sweet girl of sixteen, standing over the table, and watching the game with intense interest. Me thought the game within her bosom was for a more serious stake than that upon the table, and better worth the observer's notice. Who should win it?—her guardian angel? or the gambling fiend? Alas, the latter! She bashfully drew a little purse from her bosom, and put down her stake with the rest."

#### AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR'S CREW.

"The private history of a man-of-war's crew, if truly told, would be full of high romance, varied with stirring incident, and too often darkened with deep and deadly crime. Many go to sea with the old Robinson Crusoe spirit, seeking adventure for its own sake; many, to escape the punishment of guilt, which has made them outlaws of the land; some, to drown the memory of slighted love; while others flee from the wreck of their broken fortunes ashore, to hazard another shipwreck on the deep. The jacket of a common sailor often covers a figure that has walked Broadway in a fashionable coat. An officer sometimes sees his old school-fellow and playmate taken to the gangway and flogged. Many a blackguard on board has been bred in luxury; and many a good seaman has been a slaver and a pirate. It is well for the ship's company, that the sins of individuals do not, as in the days of Jonas, stir up tempests that threaten the destruction of the whole."

From the United Service Magazine.

**REMARKS ON THE DEFENCES AND RESOURCES  
OF CANADA IN THE EVENT OF A WAR.**

BY CLAUDIUS SHAW, ESQ., K. S. V., LATE OF THE  
ROYAL ARTILLERY.

(Continued from No. 61.)

HAVING endeavored so far to give a sketch of the localities of Canada, and point out some of the blunders which took place during the last war, in the hopes that in case of another, these, being shown, may be shunned, we shall next proceed to give a sketch of the inhabitants of the different districts, whom it was our lot, from the peculiar circumstances in which we were placed after leaving the service, to mix much among, and thus had opportunities of getting an insight into their character which does not fall to the lot of many individuals. Having been much employed in surveying in several parts of the province, I came in contact with all descriptions of people, from the highest rank to the farmers, as my former station and connections entitled me to associate with one, while my occupation brought me into contact with the other.

To follow the same course as in the former part, we must proceed again from below and round Quebec.

It is hardly necessary to mention that the country from Gaspé to above Montreal was formerly included as Lower Canada, and was settled by French emigrants, as they were the first Europeans who took possession of these parts. No class of people could be more happy and contented than were these French Canadians at the period the last war broke out. The young men mostly employed themselves in the fur-trade, going up every year to the north-west country, to take provisions and stores, and bring back peltries, or furs; they came home every autumn with plenty of money to keep them all winter. The old men had cultivated their lands, and sufficient food had been raised to maintain their families in abundance all the long winter. Plenty of fuel had been cut in the woods, waiting for the snow to enable them to bring it in. The snow fallen, the Canadian thought no more of work till the next spring. Visiting among neighbors, dancing, and frolic became the order of the day. As long as the snow lay on the ground nothing else was thought of through all this region. It is impossible that any people, not even Mr. Polk's Arcadians, could be more happy. The war broke out; that did not affect them much—winter still brought its enjoyments—perhaps some near the large towns, or on the immediate frontier, might have found a little difference; but they were governed by their old laws; they followed their own religion, and if their troublesome neighbors could not agree it was no great fault of theirs. They perhaps did not love the English government or people, but they loved the Americans less; they therefore became loyal subjects, and made good militia; beside, they formed some very good fencible regiments. The voltigeurs and chasseurs, in their grey clothing, formed, from their knowledge of the country, most efficient troops. After the war they settled down again in their former happy state; but some restless beings, such as Papineau and his clique, got among them, told them things they never dreamt of; they were fairly *O'Connellized*, and rebelled!

This is a matter of so recent a date that we shall not make any observations upon it; only we fear that some seeds of discord may yet remain among them, which will, no doubt, be fostered by the *Sympathizers* on the frontiers, and we may not find the generality of our Canadians quite as loyal as we could wish, as they may consider some of their sores not quite healed, and be inclined rather to annoy than assist; though their hatred for the Americans may prevent them from openly assisting our enemies, yet perhaps they may take an opportunity to try and throw the yoke off altogether.

All through Canada there are at present three political parties: one is staunch to the British rule, another is favorable to the Americans, and the third wish for having Canada an independent country. Between these we shall have a difficult game to play.

As this is meant to be more of a descriptive than a political sketch, we shall confine ourselves more to it than the latter, as it is hoped it may be instructive to parties going out in command or otherwise, by making them a little acquainted with the nature of the country or people they may have to deal with when they arrive.

We have not said much of the principal towns, nor the society that may be met with in them; no doubt the variety is great, as they form a nucleus in which all parties meet, and it is only by becoming personally acquainted with them that all their qualities can be duly appreciated. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the different districts as we found them.

Along the frontier from where the two provinces used to divide the country was settled in the first instance by old soldiers; but the never-wearying soul of Jonathan soon discovered that our land was pleasant, and in a short time he calculated to *squat*.

Governor Simcoe gave encouragement to all comers, and many Americans settled among our people, especially in the neighborhood of Cornwall, Brockville, and along the shores up to Kingston, bringing their disagreeable habits and manners along with them.

We must, however, exclude from this the Glengarry settlement, where, a few years ago, the Gaelic was spoken as purely as on the shores of Loch Lomond, and no doubt is still. These may always be considered good subjects. Many of their strange neighbors proved so during the last war, as they said all their property was on the British ground, and, as they were very comfortable and happy, they would defend it. But how are they to be judged of now? many of these men talk of independence, and many would rather be one of the States, than as they are. Some people last war went over to the States, and gave up their property; others, again, remained on their property, pretended to join the British, but gave information to the enemy. How are these people to conduct themselves when they may split into three parties? Two to one against the existing government.

Some few miles back from Brockville a settlement of half-pay officers and pensioners was formed at Perth. This is a very extensive district, and may, of course, be relied on in the event of a disturbance.

Above Kingston, along the shores of the Bay of Quinté, a large arm of Lake Ontario, is a settlement mostly composed of Germans; they are a quiet inoffensive race, minding their own business,

and troubling their neighbors but little. They cultivate their rich soil, and live happily amongst each other, caring little for change or innovation.

The country above this, till near Toronto, was but little settled at the time of the last war. Well do we remember marching twenty miles without seeing a house; now all along here the country is well-settled, chiefly with emigrants from England and Ireland, and everything is much improved. Of course here we may expect many loyal subjects; but no doubt politics run strong, and, from the mixture of parties from all sides, there must be a variety of opinions.

The district back of Toronto, along Yonge Street, was formerly settled by Germans—a very extraordinary sect. They were some species of Quakers; they never shaved, and their habits were most primitive and simple.

The next people who settled among them were sailors—rather an odd mixture—but they agreed very well together. Many emigrants also joined them; and, as these settlements were very important, it was necessary to place a superior class of people in them.

Further up towards the head of Lake Ontario, and through the London District, to the mouth of the river Thames, was settled by a variety of people, Germans, Yankees, and old soldiers. It has much improved within a few years, and has had a due admixture of settlers from the old country. As the land is of excellent quality, there was great difficulty in procuring grants along here of late years, though formerly whole townships had been given to individuals. This valuable land remained long without improvement, but as they found people coming out with some capital, they found means of getting it sold on advantageous terms, both to themselves and the purchasers.

The Niagara District is composed of all sorts. This being a kind of peninsula, three sides washed by the waters, it was always the theatre of war, and many Americans became settlers through this district. Though there were many loyal subjects among them, yet there were many factious ones, and there was great difficulty in knowing friends from foes.

The inhabitants of the neighborhood of Sandwich and Amherstburg are similar to the Lower Canadians in language, manners, and religion, though there are more among them who speak the English language.

Detroit was settled about the same time as Montreal, by some French soldiers who were discharged, and tempted there by the beauty of the country and fineness of the climate. It being situated as low as 42° north latitude, the winters are comparatively short, though the springs are long and cold, from the circumstance of the ice breaking up on Lakes Huron and St. Clair so late, that it is carried down through the Detroit, and makes the season very cold and tedious.

It may be thought strange that as yet no allusion has been made to the aborigines of the country, especially, as during the last war they took such a prominent part. It would be most desirable if their services could be dispensed with altogether; but we fear it is impossible, as in the first instance their natural taste leads them to bloodshed, and, if they were not taken in by us, they might turn against us. The Americans would be sure to employ them; and as they abound so much in their native state in the immediate country in which the war is likely to be carried on, and as many would

conceive their own territories to be in danger, it would be quite impossible to prevent them from taking a share in the operations.

Many tribes, such as the Mohawks, Hurons, Chippewas, and others, are so mixed up with our own countrymen through the provinces, and have become partly civilized, cultivating land, and adopting other European customs, that we might look upon them as our fellow-subjects, especially as they swear fealty to their great mother, Victoria; that they might be considered at least as allies, and they proved themselves faithful during the last war. Yet their services could not be fully depended upon; as they would only take the field when it pleased themselves, and fight after their own fashion. It would have been much better could their services have been dispensed with, not only for the sake of humanity, but for pure military reasons. They would seldom or never take a lead, but hang upon the skirts of an army, cut off stragglers, plunder and scalp the wounded, and commit all sorts of barbarities. They always required arms, ammunition, food, and clothing, and very often after obtaining them they would turn against the hand that gave them; especially if they found their friends in adversity, they would suddenly disappear, if they did not go altogether against them in time of need. Yet with all these well-known disadvantages, we shall be obliged to employ them; for if we do not, the enemy will be sure to use them against us. Yet in some cases they are useful. They are excellent at a surprise, or in cutting off detached posts or parties; but then it is horrible to employ them—they take no prisoners—or, if they do, it is only to destroy them by torture. They are fond of the English officers, and will follow them as long as they advance, but in case of a reverse they vanish. Their love of ardent spirits is so great, that they will do anything to obtain them; and, once procured, they commit the most extravagant excesses during their intoxication. They are also extremely fond of dress. To obtain this they will go great lengths; but everything will go if they can get liquor—they have been known to part with their last article of clothing, in the very depth of winter, in exchange for it. What confidence, therefore, can be placed in such allies?

Many of the tribes are now nearly extinct; as the white people have encroached upon their hunting-grounds they have retired further back, or those who have remained among the new comers have adopted all their bad habits, especially drunkenness. Small-pox has carried off whole villages; so that it is only in the far West that there is any number of them. There they still continue in their wild and savage state.

Our government sends out every year great quantities of presents to them, such as blankets, arms, ammunition, and clothing of every description which they require; but this is of little use, as they will sell them to the settlers for a little spirits. Though this is contrary to law, it is often contravened, and the poor Indians suffer a winter of misery in consequence.

Every man in Canada, from 18 to 60, is obliged to enroll himself as a militiaman, and appears once a year on parade. The queen's birthday is the day generally chosen. Officers are regularly appointed to every regiment. So far the system is good. Besides, every man must, or ought to bring fire-arms with him; but they are totally deficient of discipline, more than knowing whose

company they belong to. Every man, however, is a good marksman, and would soon learn enough to be useful in the bush. Here, indeed, they would have the advantage over regular troops; for if they only knew how to extend and close to the right and left, and advance or retire by word of command, or bugle, they would be sufficiently drilled for any purpose for which they might be wanted; and as it would be only in case of invasion, or a disturbance in the immediate neighborhood, that the *sedentary* militia, as they were called last war, would be required to take the field, they would be found sufficiently drilled by the knowledge of a few simple manœuvres.

Corps could be formed, such as there were last war, of young men, who would enrol themselves, as did three regiments, under the name of *incorporated* militia, and do duty as regular troops. These corps were highly distinguished, and the officers now receive half-pay.

In the militia now will be found many pensioners and half-pay officers, which was not the case formerly; and as the population is so much increased by emigration from the parent country, the force will be much greater, and as these may generally, especially from the rural districts, be considered good subjects, it will be better. Yet there is so much *liberty*, according to the Yankee ideas, crept in among them, and so much of the spirit of radicalism spread through the province, that great precaution must be taken as to whom arms are given, for fear of their being turned against the government. As the late rebellion showed that there were many turbulent characters to deal with, who would willingly take the opportunity of an invasion to either declare themselves independent, or be for joining the United States. The latter is most to be dreaded in the first instance, as the independents might resist the others and support the government, and then, after there had been some war, they would see their weakness, and cling by the present government for some time.

There is not the least doubt but that Canada will, in course of time, declare its independence. This is but natural; but it is too soon yet. There is not wealth enough in the country: nor are they sufficiently strong or united to carry such a measure, or, if carried, to support it. The country is still too thinly populated to guarantee it, and they would be exposed to the insidious attacks of the Americans.

As we had frequent opportunities of seeing the American troops, a few remarks upon them may not be unacceptable.

The regular army at present is but very small, and that is chiefly employed on the frontiers of the States, on the Indian territories, and has not a disposable man. In their ranks are very few real Americans; they are composed of all nations, and generally the worst characters. It is nothing but the severest discipline that keeps them at all in order. There are a great many English deserters among them, who, not liking the work in the States which they were set to, thought it better to become soldiers again than starve. The Americans generally have a dislike to being soldiers. The business does not at all suit their disposition, for they are never happy unless they are trading and scheming in some way or other; and they consider it almost a disgrace to be a soldier, as they conceive a man must be a poor *dispirited* creature who demeans himself to be under the control of

others, as a soldier must be, and that no genuine American, having the true *spirit of liberty*, would ever degrade himself so far as to be a *regular*.

Yet every man, who is capable of bearing arms, is a militia-man, and they pride themselves on it. They have several days' training every year, and have some idea of discipline; they are good shots, and would be ready the moment war is declared to cross the frontier into Canada. They are proud of military fame, and, as they would consider themselves aggrieved in the present case, they would think themselves patriots, and would fight with the greatest enthusiasm.

As Brother Jonathan is not in any way particular about gaining his ends, so long as he succeeds, he will try a plan of thinning our ranks besides fighting; he will entice the men to desert, especially regiments lately arrived from England. As he speaks the same language, he can at any time cross the river, and get among the soldiers, especially when they may be on the march, and are billeted in different houses along the road, and will use every inducement to entice them away: and as these deluded wretches are sure to find themselves deceived by the fine promises that have been made them, they will be obliged to enlist in the American army, and fight against their old comrades.

During the last war we did not lose many by desertion, but immediately peace was declared they went over by dozens; dragoons fully equipped—their horses and arms brought them something; and what was very extraordinary, there were instances of old soldiers deserting, who in a few months would have been entitled to their discharges and a grant of land.

A pay-serjeant of a company deserted: as he took some money with him, there was some little stir made about it. We happened to be acquainted with the American general who commanded opposite, and meeting him one day on our side, he mentioned the circumstance voluntarily himself, saying that one of his young officers seeing such a fine fellow, had enlisted him; but that as soon as he (the general) had heard of it, he ordered his immediate discharge. A few days after, some of our officers, going to the American side, called upon the general to pay their respects, and the door was opened by this very man, in full American regiments—the general's orderly serjeant!

When generals of their regular army do such things, what can be expected from inferiors, or from people who of their own accord would entice soldiers to desert, thinking that they were performing a patriotic action, and doing their country a benefit?

The regular officers of the American standing army are at present all educated at the Military Academy at West Point, in the state of New York; but their numbers are very small, so that, in the case of a fresh eruption, they would have to raise officers, as they did before, from lawyers without business, broken-down shop-keepers, and all sorts of half-educated idlers. As the system of equality brings the people on such a peculiar footing, discipline out of the ranks is hardly to be expected, especially among the troops from the western states. A party of these, last war, landed upon the property of a gentleman in easy circumstances, who farmed very extensively. As it was early in the morning it was probable many had not breakfasted, for in a few minutes every fowl,

duck, or turkey was killed ; they then commenced shooting some half-grown calves, which were feeding in the orchard. The gentleman's brother went up to an officer, and told him that since they had come, he supposed they would eat, but requested he would *order* his men not to shoot the calves, and that he would bring them out a fat ox, which they might have. The officer called to the men, desiring them to desist ; but they only laughed at him, and told him to mind his own business. One *private* asked what he meant by speaking so to him ; when he was in the ranks, he said, he was willing to obey him ; but off parade, he (the private) *guessed* he was the best man of the two.

What can be expected from such troops as these ? They do not fight for pay, or as mercenaries, but from principle ; and they consider themselves as great as their general, and only yield to him perhaps from his being something better educated, or from his having more hard dollars at home. They do not, however, at all scruple to censure or approve of his plans, and every man will give his opinion. American soldiers are not machines ; they have their own ideas of things, and will do pretty much as they fancy ; nevertheless, the love of plunder and enterprise will bring thousands of them over the moment war is declared, and the western part of Canada will be immediately invaded, and many of the scenes of last war, such as plundering and burning towns, will be reenacted.

Scattered all over the United States, especially on the frontiers, are a set of men, who have no regular way of gaining their livelihood, and though they live well, in one sense of the word, yet, when they get up in the morning, they hardly know where or how they are to procure their breakfast ; they are always *wide awake*, ready to snatch at anything to turn a penny, always calculating or scheming about something. Nothing ever comes amiss ; they can turn their hands to anything. During winter they are generally in the forests, *logging* ; that is, cutting timber into boards and shingles ; as soon as the snow melts, they form these into large rafts, which they float down the lakes and rivers to Montreal, Quebec, or wherever they can find a market. The money they get for this keeps them till the following autumn, when they go again to the bush ; in the mean time they take up their abode in some village or town on the frontier. Seated in the public-house, they go regularly through all the gradations of dram-drinking, from the first morning gum-tickler to the last evening cocktail ; all this time they are seldom drunk, nor yet perfectly sober. They are most annoying to strangers, and argumentative with all parties ; and on a late occasion these fellows called themselves *sympathizers*.

In the event of a war these fellows would abound—Canada would be overrun with them. The last affair clearly showed how ready they would be ; and hundreds, who had some little idea of right and wrong, and might have thought there was some little impropriety in invading a country with which they were not at war, would now have no such scruples, and swarms of them would come from all quarters, and desire nothing better. They are a strong, active, hardy race, and might fairly come under the head of rum customers. They would not be highly disciplined, but that would make them more formida-

ble to the unprotected Canadians ; as they would have spies in every place, they would always move upon such parts as might be most unprotected *by our troops*.

No doubt, proper measures have been taken by our government, and full instructions sent out, and troops will soon follow, at least, such as can be spared from home and the West Indies ; but the immensity of the frontier, and the distance it would be necessary to move troops, (without calculating upon sending them above Lake Huron,) would take considerable time ; and there cannot be the least shadow of a doubt but that Canada will be invaded along all the vulnerable points of its frontier ; much mischief may be done before we can possibly get troops up the country. The sympathizers will have begun ; as they are on the spot, they will soon be ready. The American militia are better organized than ours, and being mostly equipped with regular arms and clothing, (which latter they get at their own expense,) they will have every advantage over us.

We must call up the pensioners ; they are already militia ; and being equipped as they are at home, an efficient force will immediately be obtained. These can also give instructions to the militia, and many independent and volunteer corps would soon be enrolled among young men in the different districts, who would undertake the more active duties, while the older men would be able to remain at home, to look after the farms, &c., and only turn out in case of emergency.

These men would be found to be more useful than even the regular troops, from their superior knowledge of the country, not only as to the localities, but to the nature of the woods, in which so much fighting must necessarily be carried on ; for though the country is much more cleared than it was last war, yet there are thousands of acres of wood still standing ; for suppose a man has a hundred acres of land, they cannot all be under cultivation, even supposing he had been long enough located upon it, as it is necessary to have a certain quantity (nearly one half) in reserve for fuel, fences, and other things. It is only large proprietors, who have many hundred acres, that can afford to cultivate a hundred in one farm ; and as the land is all divided into lots of a hundred acres, they generally prefer leaving a proportion of timber upon each lot ; so that by this means the country can never be free of wood, and as this is very thick, and still very extensive, it requires some knowledge to be able to find the way through it ; and English soldiers, especially those lately arrived, would be very apt to lose their way, and their wily antagonists would soon find means of leading them into ambush.

As we have spent some time in the bush, a few hints upon this subject may not be amiss.

Every officer going out ought to be provided with a pocket-compass ; this should be made to form part of his equipment ; it would not be expensive, and could be easily carried.

The following general rules may be easily remembered :—

The St. Lawrence and all the great lakes lie to the south of Canada ; so if a person gets into the woods, to come out again he must steer southerly.

The bearing of principal forts and points should be taken before entering the bush ; so that they may be more readily found on returning.

All the principal rivers empty themselves into the St. Lawrence or the lakes ; so that following

a water-course is a sure direction, and now there are few of these that have not mills upon them ; so there is every chance of soon coming upon a settlement.

On the north side of every tree the bark is more rough than the other ; and if there is any moss upon it, it is thickest on that side.

Trees have generally an inclination from the west ; and the largest branches hang towards the east.

These simple rules we have never found to fail, and it is the manner in which the Indians trace their route for miles through the trackless forest.

Another thing should be observed. Having been particularly employed in the business, we may be deemed authority on the subject.

There is very little variation of the compass in Upper Canada. At Fort Erie, in 1822, there was no variation, it being a magnetic meridian. Near Fort Mississauga, on Lake Ontario, which was our next point of observation, there were but a few minutes. At Notawasaga, again, on Lake Huron, there was no variation. At Moy, near Sandwich, the latitude is  $42^{\circ} 19'$ ; the variation  $1^{\circ} 28'$ , westerly—this all to the west of Fort Erie ; to the east the variation will be found in much the same ratio ; so that the magnetic bearing may generally be taken for any of the purposes above mentioned.

All this is very necessary to be known by the British soldiers ; for take a new comer out of sight of the clearance, and turn him round once or twice, the chances are against his finding his way out again, as a person, getting astray, will generally keep walking in a circle.

It is not good, when lost, to shout, or discharge fire-arms frequently, as the reverberation and echo in the woods are very apt to make people take a contrary course to what they ought.

Troops going to America ought to be clothed in green, brown, or grey ; the red jackets and white belts might be left in England ; they, with the bright plates, are far too conspicuous, and the Americans too good sharpshooters not to take advantage of them ; while they, being clothed in dark uniform, if any, and being hid behind a tree or stump, are not easily distinguished by an unpractised eye, an English soldier would have no chance. The number of officers picked off in former wars ought to serve as a warning in this.

The Americans are all excellent riflemen, as they have been accustomed to the weapon from their infancy ; besides, they set due value upon their ammunition, and never fire till they are sure of their object. An Englishman, not having the same education, is not aware of the value of this article, and, as it costs him nothing, blazes away, frequently without seeing his object, only he knows they are somewhere there, and hopes to hit them.

The British soldier's knapsack is much too heavy for service in any country, especially in this ; but as they are mostly moved from one established post to another, a light kit might be ordered for the field. While they were in garrison, they could have the enjoyment of their full one, and as in the winter season they require more clothing than at home, arrangements might be entered into for this purpose.

The artillery in the field are not of so much utility, as the Americans will keep mostly in the bush, where it cannot get ; nevertheless, a proportion must be employed ; as the roads are generally very bad, and the range or distance at which they could see the enemy very short, from the interven-

tion of wood, but light guns would be necessary, and howitzers generally the best description ; as they would throw a heavier case or spherical than could be done from long light guns, such as 6 or 9-pounders, and the enemy being generally scattered, they would do more execution. If they were even discovered in line or masses, there could be no objection to throwing a few shells among them, and howitzers would always range far enough, though, at the same time, there might be a proportion of long guns.

Having so far treated of affairs on shore, we shall conclude, after passing a few remarks upon the most important part necessary for the defence of Canada, viz., *the Naval Force*.

We gave a sketch above of what was the force employed during last war, and the probable state in which they may be found at present ; besides, since those days *tout cela est changé*, and another species of naval warfare has taken place, viz., steam and heavy guns.

When the last war broke out, there was only one steam-vessel upon all the Canadian waters ; this was the *Swiftsure*, between Quebec and Montreal—now there are several. After the war some merchants at Kingston built the *Frontenac*, to trade on Lake Ontario, and a smaller one ran down as far as Prescott, through the Lake of One Thousand Islands. It was not long before the Americans built a large vessel for the lake, and a smaller one for Ogdensburg. How many there may be now is unknown, but doubtless they must have increased. We well recollect the first on Lake Erie, which the Indians and others at Michilimackinac went out to assist, conceiving it to be a vessel on fire, of which the masts had already been burnt. There are now eight or ten running from Buffalo to Detroit, Mackina, Green Bay, and other places along the Michigan territory. There are some upon our side ; but as the American trade is much greater than ours, they far outnumber us.

As they require pretty strong and well-built vessels to navigate these waters, they would all be able to carry guns in proportion to their strength.

The Americans are far from being good gunners, and the practice we could make from the heavy howitzers now in use would give us great advantages over them, as the accident that happened lately on board the *Princeton* from one of these guns shows that they cannot make them, and also that they cannot use them when made. We already have plenty of this description of gun made, and our Marine Artillery are well trained to the use of them.

The command of the lakes and waters in Canada will always give the side possessing it every advantage ; for if the Americans have it, they will be able to land troops on any part, and keep possession as long as they choose ; while, if we have this advantage, we can prevent them from coming over, and keep them prisoners if they did ; *but the welfare of Canada, as a British province, will entirely depend upon having the superiority on the waters*.

This will equally hold good as regards our maritime affairs on the ocean ; for though the ostensible ground of contest may be the Oregon Territory, it is most certain Canada will be the great seat of warfare, from one extremity to the other ; and we shall have to fear internal as well as external foes.

We hope these few remarks, which are well founded upon personal observations, made during

the time we were upon duty in that country, or from subsequent events, may be of use in case of a war; yet we must also hope that such an event may not take place. However, it is best to be prepared, and if this should be of the slightest use in the way it is intended, our trouble will be amply repaid.

## VIVE LA GUERRE.

## A WAR SONG FOR THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.

In Dahra's caverns hidden  
Bide the Arabs, and delay  
To yield when they are bidden;  
So cries brave Pelissier—  
"Bring fagots of fierce fuel!"  
Frenchmen checked by Arab slaves!  
We'll have a vengeance cruel!  
Roast them in their sacred caves!  
We'll make their fond trust falter!  
Cast in fagots! Let them flare,  
Till vengeance hath an altar  
Fitly furnish'd! *Vive la guerre!*"

Rush the sparks in rapid fountains  
Up abroad into the sky!  
From the bases of the mountains  
Leap the fork'd flames mountain-high!  
The flames, like devils thirsting,  
Lick the wind, where crackling spars  
Wage hellish warfare, worsting  
All the still, astonished stars!  
Ply the furnace, fling the fagots!  
Lo, the flames writh, rush, and tear!  
And a thousand writh like maggots  
In among them! *Vive la guerre!*

A mighty wind is blowing  
T'wards the cavern's gaping mouth;  
The clear, hot flames are flowing  
In and in, to glut its drouth;  
Flames with winds roar, rave, and battle—  
Wildly battle, rave, and roar;  
And cries of men and cattle  
Through the turmoil sadly soar.  
We are pale! What! shall a trifle,  
A sad sound, our bold hearts scare?  
'Tis long before they stife!  
Bring more fagots! *Vive la guerre!*

With night began the burning;  
Look where yonder comes the day!  
Hark! signals for adjourning  
Our brave sport. We must obey!  
But be sure the slaves are weary!—  
As the short and sob-like sigh  
Of gusts on moorlands dreary  
Float their sinking voices by;—  
No sound comes now of shrieking;—  
Let us show what Frenchmen dare!  
Force the caves, through vapors reeking  
Like a kitchen! *Vive la guerre!*

What's this—and this? Pah! sick'ning,  
Whether woman, man, or beast.  
Let us on. The fumes are thick'ning!—  
Ho! here's that hath shape at least.  
How its horny eyes are staring  
On that infant, seeking food  
From its broad brown breast, still bearing  
Sooke-dried stains of milk and blood!  
At our work do any wonder,  
Saying, "Frenchmen love the fair?"  
*Such "fair?" Ha! ha! they blunder*  
Who thus twit us! *Vive la guerre!*

What's that, so tall and meagre?—  
Nay, bold Frenchmen, do not shrink!—  
'Tis a corpse, with features eager,  
Jamm'd for air into a chink.

Whence is that hysterick sobbing?—  
Nay, bold Frenchmen, do not draw!  
'Tis an Arab's parch'd throat throbbing.  
Frenchmen love sweet Mercy's law:—  
Make way there! Give him breathing!  
How he smiles to feel the air!  
His breath seems incense wreathing  
To sweet-Mercy! *Vive la guerre!*

And now, to crown our glory,  
Get we trophies, to display  
As vouchers for our story,  
And mementos of this day!  
Once more, then, to the grottoes!  
Gather each one all he can—  
Blister'd blade with Arab mottoes,  
Spear-head, bloody yataghan.  
Give room now to the raven  
And the dog, who scent rich fare;  
And let these words be graven  
On the rock-side—"Vive la guerre!"

The trumpet sounds for marching!  
On! alike amid sweet meads,  
Morass, or desert parching,  
Wheresoe'er our captain leads!  
To Pelissier sing praises!  
Praises sing to bold Bugeaud!  
Lit up by last night's blazes  
To all time their names will show!  
Cry "conquer, kill, and ravage!"  
Never ask "who, what, or where?"  
If civilized, or savage,  
Never heed, but—*Vive la guerre!*

DESTRUCTION OF WASPS.—We observe, from the Scottish newspapers, that the Earl of Traquair has for several years past given a liberal reward to the children in the neighborhood for the destruction of those troublesome insects during the months of April and May. At that period every wasp is in search of a location for a nest, and if unmolested, would become the parent of thousands. Owing, it may be supposed, to the limited fall of rain or snow last winter, these noxious creatures have been unusually numerous this season, as the following account will show:—The children, about fifty in number, were desired by his lordship to attend at Traquair House with their spoil every Saturday afternoon, where they were counted by the gardener, and each one paid so much per dozen. On the 26th April there were delivered 756 dozen, on the 3d May 114 dozen, on the 10th May 59½ dozen, and on the 17th May 643½ dozen—making in all the incredible number of 18,876 wasps' nests in the course of four weeks, and in one parish. It may be presumed, if each of these had been allowed to multiply, however favorable the season may prove, there would have been little fruit or honey left for miles around.

WATER IN THE DESERT.—Since the French obtained a footing in Algeria, engineers have been employed to procure water in the most sterile districts by means of Artesian wells. We learn from the "Revue de Paris," that one of them, M. Fournel, has completed a minute survey, and he assures his government that the nature of the ground, at the foot of the Algerine mountains, near the sea-coast, offers facilities for extracting large supplies of water from an inconsiderable depth below the surface. If wells can be sunk so as to produce the grand desideratum to agriculture, the face of the whole country will be materially changed: vegetation will be made to encroach on the now profitless expanse of the Sahara desert, and many spots, which are productive of nothing but sand, will afford food for man and pasture for beasts. There is no reason to doubt that such a happy change may in time be effected; for the Artesian system, wherever it has been tried, has succeeded.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From the United Service Magazine.

### SUMMER AND WINTER DEER SHOOTING IN CANADA WEST.

BY SIR J. E. ALEXANDER, K.L.S., 14TH REGT.

"When morning beams on the mountain streams,  
Then merrily forth we go,  
To follow the stag to the slippery crag,  
Or to chase the bounding roe."

I.

XENOPHON, the celebrated warrior and historian, and likewise a keen sportsman, thus gave his opinion of hunting—that it tended to make men hardy, both in body and mind, and thence to form the very best soldiers, the chase bearing a closer resemblance to war than any other amusement; that it habituated men to bear fatigue, and the inclemencies of the weather, kindled their loftier feelings, awoke their courage, and nerved their limbs, which also from exercise became more pliant, agile, and muscular; that it increased the powers of all the senses, kept away careful or melancholy thoughts, and thus by promoting both mental and physical health, produced longevity, and retarded the subduing effects of old age.

"Vive la chasse!" then, as a fitting recreation for soldiers, and if pursued in moderation, and without unnecessary cruelty to, or indiscriminate slaughter of the game animals, it is undoubtedly deserving of all the commendations accorded to it.

The true hunter is generally known by his bronzed complexion, his hands innocent of the tender kid skin, his keen eye, his firm mouth, his independent air and elastic step. Most military men are sportsmen, more or less, and it is quite fitting that released, for a short season, from the duties of their profession, they should be either pursuing their game on leathern or on horse's shoes, or by the banks "of the dark and silent streams."

We have now to treat of the slaying of deer in Western Canada, the land by adoption of thousands of Britain's hardy sons—a land favored by nature in productiveness of soil, and in "water privileges" of the first order. Long may revolutionary principles be repudiated here, and the enterprising farmer and merchant, with public burdens of the lightest description, duly appreciate and value the form of government and the establishments under which they thrive!

The brown deer of North America, the *Cervus Virginianus* of naturalists, is, like others of its tribe, most graceful in its motions, proceeding usually through the forests of its native haunts in light bounds; it is found from the shores of the great lakes to those of the Gulf of Mexico. Its weight is a hundred pounds and upwards, and the prongs of the horns of the male point forwards, in such a way that it is difficult to conceive how it could make its way easily through woods that are at all entangled. But the haunts of this deer are unlike the interlaced vegetation between the tropics; and this beautiful denizen of the wilds is free to roam among the straight and light-seeking stems of the pine, the beech, and the maple.

The long and handsome ears of the deer are forever in motion, and alert to catch the smallest sound; its eyes full, black, and swimming, the gazelle eyes of the Persian poets. These, with its well-shaped head, taper neck, and slender

limbs, make it when tame an especial pet with the fair sex. But, alas! for its peace, its venison amply rewards the hunter for his toils, who sallies forth to slay "a hart in grease," and a jucy haunch, smoking on an ample trencher, speedily overcomes all scruples about the propriety of looking for "what is good for food."

It was in the "glorious summer-tide," when the forests of the Thames river of Canada West were clothed in their gorgeous foliage, when the sight was refreshed with the effects of light and shade on the landscape, with the green leaves of the trees, and the bright blossoms of the flowers in the open glades, when birds and insects were heard on every side, and when the face of nature was redolent of beauty and happiness, that I mounted a wagon with four companions, all equipped in shooting trim, with broad-brimmed summer hats and blouses, or light shooting jackets, festooned with shot-belts, or powder-flasks, or horns, each grasping a shot-gun or rifle, and bound for a "water hunt" among the Dorchester pines—

"The laughing, blue-eyed morn,  
Called blushes to the cheek of every flower,  
And as the zephyr breezes wandered on,  
They left a chorus of sweet melody;  
Each wood and wild had its inhabitants,  
Which crouching lay within the cavern lair,  
Or bounded o'er the new-made velvet mead."

With a rough and ready span of horses, we drove rapidly, albeit with no inconsiderable bumping, up the river, passing one of the curiosities of the western wilderness, in the course of formation, namely, a plank road, from the laying of which for miles in various directions, centering in London, the garrison town for the defence of the shores of Lake Erie, the greatest advantages are expected to accrue to this new country.—

"Viret in æternum!"

The Thames of Canada is a clear and swift-running river, flowing from the borders of the Gore district, over a gravelly and rocky bed, generally fordable above London, but with here and there deep pools, the haunts of the otter. Below Delavare the river is navigable, as it passes on through rich soil, and with steep banks, to Lake St. Clair. At its mouth the land is low and marshy, and here is admirable wild-fowl shooting.

Among other funny inhabitants of the Thames, are the shad, pike, maskanongé, (a fish of a large size and of good flavor, though of the pike family,) and the sturgeon, the largest fish of the western waters, several feet in length, slender but powerful, and covered with tubercles. One of our hunters had some time before signalized himself by riding on the back of a sturgeon, something in the manner of my worthy friend Mr. Waterton, "the wanderer in South America," on the back of the crocodile. Scofield had struck his spear into a large sturgeon, which immediately made off with it; Scofield, like a real sportsman, threw himself out of the canoe and held on by the spear, whilst the sturgeon, which he occasionally bestrode, carried him down the river; at last, tired and exhausted with the burden, in the midst of a great splashing and commotion, the sturgeon gave in.

At a way-side public-house we refreshed with beer, and ginger-beer, with a lump of ice in the pleasant mixture.

The weather had been hot and favorable for the deer being found in the river, to which the musquitos and flies in the woods drive them in the evenings, but now it threatened rain, and we knew if it fell there would be an end of our sport, for then the deer find pools in the woods, and have no occasion to resort to the river.

Passing some clearings garnished with stumps, and inclosed with snake or zig-zag fences, we entered the shade of the Dorchester pines, extending for several miles up the river. The red squirrel blithely chirruped and nimbly climbed the resinous trunks—the scarlet tanager, with its brilliant body and dark wings, flew across the road, from which rose flights of the beautiful little spring azure butterfly, chasing one another in circles, flitting over and alighting on the same spot which they had just quitted.

The pine woods on the Thames, and the oak plains, offer to the naturalist, in summer, a rich harvest in flowers, insects, and birds. Among the plants is to be distinguished the rare and most curious Indian cup, or pitcher plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*), the leaves of which have their edges united together, so as to form a deep cup filled with water, distilled probably from the moss in which the plant is found. From the circle of pitcher-leaves rises a stem, eighteen inches in height, and crowned with a circular leathery flower with five reddish petals.

The use of the water in the pitchers seems to be this, (and it is, indeed, a singular arrangement of the great Creator,) musquitos are reared therein, for they are seen to issue from the cups in numerous flights in spring, whilst to support them in their aquatic stage of life, the small bristles which line the inside of the lip of the cup conduct flies into the watery receptacles, where they are drowned, and are then devoured by the young brood.

At the entrance of the "Pines," a man met us in a wagon, and one of the hunters said—

"That man has lost his eye-sight with gambling."

"How so?" was inquired.

"It was thus. He had a good farm, which he neglected, to engage constantly in gambling. On one occasion he had sat up eight days and nights consecutively, and he won another man's farm, house, cattle, and a steam-boat, but he became stone-blind from exhaustion, and is now partially recovered, only sufficient to allow him to drive a wagon!"

What a warning this to those who waste their nights in changing with each other painted pasteboards!

The hunter Pixley's place was at last reached, after a "rattling drive" of fourteen miles. On the left of the road, and backed by tall pines, was a comfortable block-house. On one side was a wagon, on the other a well, with the usual lever balanced on a pole to raise the bucket, a log canoe was in front, and on the other side of the road was a commodious barn. Before the door, four men in their shirt-sleeves played at quoits with horse-shoes. Pixley himself stepped forward to welcome us—a picture of manhood, five feet ten inches in height, stout, with black hair and whiskers, unembarrassed, but modest and civil withal, his "rig" a low broad-brimmed white hat, dark vest, and moleskin trowsers.

At the door was the tidy wife, about whom clustered five healthy children. "We must go

back again to town," said she, "for the sake of the children."

"Nothing else would take me there," said the hunter; "I tried to stay in the town before, and I couldn't; I'm never happier than in the woods."

"What game have you in these woods?" was asked.

"Bears, racoons, wolves, deer, and sometimes a lynx is seen. I killed a lynx here last fall."

Till the mid-day's repast was ready we practised with our rifles at a mark, a patch of clay on a beech-tree; Pixley's bullet struck within an inch of this every shot. His brother, James Pixley, was also a prime shot, and "with the keenest eye for game tracks." The hunters' meal consisted of slices of salt pork, mashed potatoes, good bread and cheese, raspberries from "the clearing," and cream, the whole washed down with tea, or brandy and water, according to the taste of the chasseurs.

Short pipes and cigars being duly lighted, we set about preparing the "jack light" for our water hunt. A blackened board with a small shelf to it was stuck up in the fore part of the canoe; on the shelf were four large nails to support the light, composed of hard tallow with a large wick. Putting ash poles and paddles into the canoe, six stout fellows "tackled to," and dragged it through the bush to the bank of the river, behind the house; here we found another twenty feet canoe, and seven of us disposing of ourselves in the two, some standing up with the poles and others with paddles, we pushed out into the swift stream.

The banks of the Thames were here quite uncut and uncleared, descending gently towards the water and clothed with oak and the broad leaves of the maple; behind these towered the pines. As we poled up stream in our shirt sleeves and trowsers, with a warm jacket at hand for night-work, we saw herons flapping their broad wings as they wended their way up the river before us—then wild ducks would be descried in a pool, and making for the shore at the approach of the canoes, before we had time to scatter them with No. 4—then a racoon with its bushy tail would be seen scrambling about the trunk of a tree—red-headed woodpeckers, supporting themselves with their strong feet and short, rigid tails, would hammer away merrily with their strong wedge-shaped beaks at the decayed stems, and with their barbed tongues draw out from its concealment the sluggish grub—the grey and white kingfisher watched on a branch for its prey in the water beneath, and then a musk rat would swim across, steering itself with its broad, black tail, (sometimes they attempt concealment in the water, by attaching themselves to a green branch)—whilst over head would float in mid air a noble bald-headed eagle.

Such were the denizens of the forest and flood which we saw in our progress of ten miles against the swift current and rapids, with occasional deep and still pools. In the stony and gravelly bed of the river waved aquatic plants or "eel grass;" some specimens resembled moss, others myrtle-leaves, and a third sort, soft cucumbers. These plants, for the support and concealment of fishes, are also eaten by the deer during the night season.

"You see," said Pixley, "this flat, formerly cleared, and about five acres in extent; this is called the Racoons Flat. Here, forty years ago, when I was a child, the Indians grew their maize.

We will pass presently the Maskanongé Flats, and one or two more, but the Indians have all abandoned these now, though they still come about here to fish and hunt."

The red men who wander about this part of Canada wear the blanket coat, winter and summer, and a piece of printed cotton twisted round their long black locks, like a loose turban; their legs are cased in blue or crimson leggings. The women wear the blanket wrapped around them from the head to the heel, and are usually seen about the towns and villages, with baskets of stained split wood, or light brooms, for sale.

We poled with difficulty up a rapid where a short time before Pixley and two hunters had, in descending, been upset against a tree which lay in the water, and their blankets, coats, hats and guns, tumbled into the stream. After ten miles of hard work, we landed at sunset at a rude bridge, refreshed at a gushing fountain, and collecting some chips and dry wood, soon "built up a fire," and sat round it telling stories till the night was sufficiently advanced to light the "jack."

The black bear of Canada, when it attacks, first hugs and then claws down with its hind feet the breast and belly of its victim. Thus Pixley's father one day heard a cry of distress near his house; he rushed out with his gun, and saw an Indian on the ground with his stomach ripped up, and a bear gnawing at his wrists and ankles. On old Pixley's approach the bear took to a tree, and looked down over a crutch; the hunter told the Indian to fire, but he could not revenge himself, he was so weak. Pixley then lodged a ball between the eyes of the bear and dropped him, then carried the Indian to his camp, but he died the same night.

Filling the bottom of the canoes with rushes to form a comfortable seat, one canoe lighted up and paddled off noiselessly, the other followed at a considerable interval.

The night was quite calm, which was favorable for the jack light. It appeared like a bright star on the water, whilst the board behind it threw the canoe and the hunters completely into shade. The deer, as they stand up to their knees in the water, and occasionally dash a little over themselves with their feet, to clear away the buzzing mosquitos, lift their heads from grazing on the aquatic grass, and gaze with curiosity on the light till it is quite close to them, that is, within twelve or twenty yards, when the crack of a rifle at once ends their fatal curiosity.

Fireflies sparkled past us and glanced among the trees like the eastern "Feast of lanterns;" no sounds were heard but the rippling of the water over the stones, the occasional cry of the whip-poor-will, and the deep bass of the bull-frogs trumpeting forth their serenade. Presently the boom of a distant gun comes up the stream, and we hope for success to our comrades; mosquitos in myriads fly out from the bush, and play round and dash into our light, so as almost to extinguish it, they looked like a moving halo round it. Pixley, dipping his paddle into the water, under the jack, was observed quietly to let it slip out of his hands, and it floated away astern: he lifted his rifle, and pointed towards the left bank of the river; our rifles were immediately cocked without a word being uttered, and the steersman directed the bow towards two greyish objects in the water; a sharp volley awoke the echoes in the river, a

splashing was heard with loud breathing; we dash towards the land, then sprang from the canoe among the reeds, and lighting pine chips, searched for the traces of blood; they were soon perceived on the blades of grass and on the bushes; a mortal wound had been inflicted, from the frothy appearance of the blood, but the wood was too dense to track it far in the dark; next day, however, a clever terrier, "Captain," followed the trail, drove a fine large buck into the water, where it strove with him for half an hour, when two sawyers, who were engaged at a log near the scene of conflict, put an end to it by smiting our deer on the head with a stone.

This was the result of our first "water hunt," or manner of killing deer in the dog-days. On another occasion, near the same spot, the first hunter's piece missed fire, the second (Mr. Dease, the son of the intrepid Hudson's Bay traveller,) took effect. The first hunter then jumped into water and seized the wounded buck by the horns, the third hunter drew his knife to cut its throat, when with its hind leg it knocked him nine miles off and under water; recovering himself, but losing his knife, the three hunters fought with the sturdy beast for twenty minutes; at last, wet to the skin, they tired him out, got his head under water and drowned him.

After a sound sleep on our straw couches, we rose with the sun, and refreshed with a bucket of water poured over our heads in the open air, then walked off into the woods on a "still hunt" after the deer again.

The still hunt is merely walking noiselessly through the forest, keeping a bright look-out, and searching for deer in the haunts where they are wont to browse in the day-time. A breeze is favorable for the still hunt, as it prevents the step of the hunter from being heard.

Where the trees had been hewn down, there were plentiful crops of raspberries, which are greedily eaten by the bears; the mandrake, of mysterious properties, spread its broad leaf at our feet, and the ruby-throated humming-bird was observed glittering in the sun, with green and gold coat, now darting through the air like an arrow, or starting and hovering in front of the flowers of balm or clover, like the motions of a dragon-fly. I secured a specimen of this strange summer visitor to Canada, and kept it alive for some time, by giving it syrup from the corolla of a flower.\*

From these "snatches" of the natural history of this forest it will be seen that it possesses much interest for the lover of nature. A beautiful collection of bright-plumaged birds may be made in summer on the banks of the Canadian Thames; and here, instead of feeling dull during a *short* sojourn, we may exclaim with the poet,—

" 'T is nought to me,  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste, or in the city full,  
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy."

But to make long tarry in the woods of British North America, in the hot months of June, July, and August, requires great endurance, a deep sense of duty, and an object of much greater importance than that of hunting to enable one to "hold out."

\* It is said that an Irishman, newly arrived, and anxious to secure a humming-bird, caught a large bee instead; it stung him, when he cried out, "Holy Moses! how hot its little fuit is!"

Lumberers and Indians then flee to the woods, they are so close, and so infested with poisonous flies and mosquitoes. The lumberer fells and squares his timber in the winter, and "drives" it down the streams on the melting of the snow and ice. The Indians frequent the seacoast in summer, and thus escape the plague of flies.

Surveyors in the forests in summer subsist on salt pork, because it is portable, and goes a great way, hard biscuit, and black tea. Spirits are fatal, for they increase the virulence of the poison of the small dipterous black fly; but even without spirits, not many days elapse in June, before the face and hands are poisoned and swollen up from countless bites; day after day, and from morning to night, whilst streaming with perspiration, the attacks are incessant. The mid-day meal is usually eaten in the midst of "smokes," produced with wet moss, which assist in keeping at bay the torments; but when swampy ground is approached, or rain is near, such myriads of venomous flies arise round the luckless explorer, that his veil is no protection, and he is forced to carry under his arm a smoking torch of cedar-bark. At night he sleeps in his clothes, of course, on fir branches, with his feet to a fire, a light shed of canvass over him, supported by two forked sticks and a ridge-pole. Occasionally single wolves come and angrily howl at him, but in winter they sometimes attack in troops. At nightfall the hot needle punctures of the black and sand-flies cease, but then the phlebotomist mosquito wields his long lance. Oh! it is a rare pic-nic for the flies in summer, but a desperate fight for the explorer, as, axe in hand, and arrayed in miller's hat, red shirt, and drill trowsers, he exercises his muscles over the logs, with a modicum of his coarse provisions in his haversack, hewing his way through the thickets, skin and clothes torn, bruised with heavy falls of the prostrate trunks, finding himself at one time up to his middle in a swamp, shortly after this, assisted with spikes on the inside of his lumberer's boots, "shinning" his way to the top of a hundred-feet pine tree, to reconnoitre and mark with his compass his future course; or, pole in hand, steering a small raft of logs, a catamaran, down the rapids of a forest stream, with no companion all this time save his sturdy woodsmen, "axing their way," chaining, or carrying the loads in packs.

Like the plague of fleas inducing cleanliness, so does the plague of flies induce to clearing and settling the woods;—flies eschew the clearings. To get to the open fields again, after a summer in the woods, constantly seeing the same trunks and the same vast banks of forest, is, indeed, Paradise. "Expertus loquor."

#### II.

(*The scene changes to Winter, and to Kingston, on Lake Ontario.*)

The ground has now lost its verdant mantle, is hard and crisp with frost, and covered with snow; the trees, deprived of their glories, extend their naked limbs into the chill air; the "music of the groves" has ceased, and a death-like silence reigns around. But it is needful not to succumb to the melancholy influence of a Canadian winter, and being absolved from "drill and pipeclay" for a brief space, (though when duty is to be done, it ought to be performed with zeal and energy, and on no account to be considered "a bore,") books

also being laid aside, we adventure to make a break or two in the long winter, by engaging in the healthful sport of deer hunting, albeit regretting all the while that the lingering savage nature within us inclines us to slay a buck or twain, and with relish to partake of the venison.

Arkright, a hunter skilled in woodcraft, is engaged with his dogs. He brings his sleigh, drawn by a pair of stout ponies, and as there is no provant in the forest homestead whither we are about to proceed, saving pork and potatoes, the sleigh is freighted with half a sheep, bread and biscuit, tea and sugar, pepper and salt, and a small barrel of beer! My brother chasseurs were determined not to trust only to their guns for viands. Covering our nether man with buffalo robes, our upper being encased in blanket coats, or grey Canadian cloth, with the usual hood attached, and grey or black fur caps on our heads, we disposed ourselves in couples in the sleigh, and with each his rifle between his knees, we trotted blithely away from the garrison.

With many a pleasant jest and answering laugh, we slid over the natural railroad of snow and ice, past "clearings," and through forests mostly composed of evergreen firs, (thus affording a partial relief to the general white of the landscape,) and at length reached the lake called Loughborough, and the frame dwelling of the hunter Knapp.

It was "diverting" to observe the unloading of the sleigh—a stalwart "Artillero" walking into the house with the half sheep on his shoulders, followed by the beer barrel borne aloft by the "governor," so termed by his familiars, from attachment to his rubicund physiognomy, and his disposition entirely disposed to good fellowship; next followed an A. D. C., a prime shot, carrying buffaloes and a long basket, the contents of which Father Mathew ought not to be cognizant of—the rear was brought up by rifles, and the munitions of war and of the chase.

The wiry old hunter Knapp, with his aquiline nose and long grey locks, his wife, and sons and daughters, received us with friendly greeting, swept out a room for us, and filled up a huge fire of logs in a wide chimney. Forthwith commenced culinary preparations, slices of mutton and potatoes were duly cooked, *item* pork, tea "drawn," mustard scientifically mixed; all the hunters aided and abetted, both in getting up and in doing justice to the feast, after which wrapping ourselves in our buffaloes, each chose what portion of the floor suited him best as to propinquity to the fire, which a small boy, a sort of forest imp, attended.

The youngest of the party, not yet filled out for his length—to wit, two yards—though possessing a good spirit for the chase, after donning a night-gown reaching to his ankles (unlike an old hunter who sleeps in his clothes) ensconced himself in the bunk, a long wooden box which serves for a seat by day, and, when opened out forms a coffin-like bed by night. Having used interest with one of the damsels of the house, he had secured no less than three pillows, but which he did not long enjoy, for whilst sitting up to arrange the buffalo about his feet, his two neighbors on the floor, still "wide awake," quickly secured the pillows, and feigned sleep, whilst he bemoaned his fate for a while *en chemise* before the fire, his nightcapped-head reaching to the Jersey frocks, powder-horns, and hunting-belts which garnished the smoked rafters of our apartment.

At early dawn there was a move. Your true

hunter riseth with the lark; but it was laughable to observe the twisting and turning of one or two who had for a long time previously been accustomed to indulge in repose after "the rosy-fingered Aurora had opened the portals of the morning;" at last, with desperate effort, they sat up, rubbing their eyes and yawning fearfully, and doubtless cursing their folly in joining a party which chose thus to get up "in the middle of the night."

A meat breakfast was quickly cooked and despatched. Knapp and his sons mustered their dogs, and the hunters went off to place themselves in pairs, at the "runways," or tracks where the deer usually pass, and towards which they would be driven by the dogs. Knapp had lost a son, a fine young man, not long before; he was passing through the forest with a cousin behind him, in Indian file; the latter was carrying his gun on his shoulder, holding it by the muzzle; a twig caught the trigger, and the charge of buckshot was lodged in young Knapp's groin; the poor young man died in great agony in a few days.

Loughborough Lake, where we now sported, is a beautiful expanse of water, twenty miles long, surrounded with fine woods, and studded with islands. A week at Loughborough in the "fall" is delightful. Then the woods put on their coat of many colors, "most enchanting to behold;" the sugar-maple displays all the shades of red—from deep crimson to bright orange; the birch and elm flaunt in yellow livery; the ash and basswood in sober brown; whilst the deep green of the fir tribe sets off the glories of the other sons of the forest.

The flies do not annoy in October! Now is the time to take one's pleasure on the clear water, to launch the skiff or bark canoe, to bait the hook for the savory white fish, to "still hunt" in the woods, when the wind prevents the noise of the footsteps being heard on the ash leaves, the first to fall, or else to drive a few deer into the lake, and there with a blow of a paddle to secure what venison is wanted for one's self and friends, and assist the farmers to get the rest for their winter store. None should be wantonly killed. Indiscriminate slaughter of fish, flesh or fowl is unmanly and quite unworthy of a genuine sportsman; humanity ought to temper his ardor in the chase, with all its exhilarating accompaniments.

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good green wood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing,  
When the deer pass by, the hounds are in cry,  
And the hunter's horn is ringing."

Though Loughborough Lake was now locked up in ice, and snow-covered, and no wing of bird about or upon it, yet in April, when the ice disappears, in a day it would teem with life, and innumerable wild fowl would disport on its bosom.

On our way to the "runways," we were met by three "loafish" looking blades, the chief of whom was Billy Blackaby, an idle, good-humored, but cunning rogue, who neglected his farm for the chase; and whose grey frock, trowsers, and mocassins, were picturesquely ragged and torn. Supporting himself on his long gun, he said that he had met with no sport, and was going home. After a short talk, in an undertone, the three trotted off, and soon after we were posted at our stations by Arkright.

The aid-de-camp and myself took up our watch at a runway, indicated by the recent tracks of a

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Lumberers and Indians then flee to the woods, they are so close, and so infested with poisonous flies and mosquitoes. The lumberer fells and squares his timber in the winter, and "drives" it down the streams on the melting of the snow and ice. The Indians frequent the seacoast in summer, and thus escape the plague of flies.

Surveyors in the forests in summer subsist on salt pork, because it is portable, and goes a great way, hard biscuit, and black tea. Spirits are fatal, for they increase the virulence of the poison of the small dipterous black fly; but even without spirits, not many days elapse in June, before the face and hands are poisoned and swollen up from countless bites; day after day, and from morning to night, whilst streaming with perspiration, the attacks are incessant. The mid-day meal is usually eaten in the midst of "smokes," produced with wet moss, which assist in keeping at bay the torments; but when swampy ground is approached, or rain is near, such myriads of venomous flies arise round the luckless explorer, that his veil is no protection, and he is forced to carry under his arm a smoking torch of cedar-bark. At night he sleeps in his clothes, of course, on fir branches, with his feet to a fire, a light shed of canvass over him, supported by two forked sticks and a ridge-pole. Occasionally single wolves come and angrily howl at him, but in winter they sometimes attack in troops. At nightfall the hot needle punctures of the black and sand-flies cease, but then the phlebotomist mosquito wields his long lance. Oh! it is a rare pic-nic for the flies in summer, but a desperate fight for the explorer, as, axe in hand, and arrayed in miller's hat, red shirt, and drill trowsers, he exercises his muscles over the logs, with a modicum of his coarse provisions in his haversack, hewing his way through the thickets, skin and clothes torn, bruised with heavy falls of the prostrate trunks, finding himself at one time up to his middle in a swamp, shortly after this, assisted with spikes on the inside of his lumberer's boots, "shinning" his way to the top of a hundred-feet pine tree, to reconnoitre and mark with his compass his future course; or, pole in hand, steering a small raft of logs, a catamaran, down the rapids of a forest stream, with no companion all this time save his sturdy woodsmen, "axing their way," chaining, or carrying the loads in packs.

Like the plague of fleas inducing cleanliness, so does the plague of flies induce to clearing and settling the woods;—flies eschew the clearings. To get to the open fields again, after a summer in the woods, constantly seeing the same trunks and the same vast banks of forest, is, indeed, *Paradise*. "Expertus loquor."

## II.

(*The scene changes to Winter, and to Kingston, on Lake Ontario.*)

The ground has now lost its verdant mantle, is hard and crisp with frost, and covered with snow; the trees, deprived of their glories, extend their naked limbs into the chill air; the "music of the groves" has ceased, and a death-like silence reigns around. But it is needful not to succumb to the melancholy influence of a Canadian winter, and being absolved from "drill and pipeclay" for a brief space, (though when duty is to be done, it ought to be performed with zeal and energy, and on no account to be considered "a bore,") books

also being laid aside, we adventure to make a break or two in the long winter, by engaging in the healthful sport of deer hunting, albeit regretting all the while that the lingering savage nature within us inclines us to slay a buck or twain, and with relish to partake of the venison.

Arkrigh, a hunter skilled in woodcraft, is engaged with his dogs. He brings his sleigh, drawn by a pair of stout ponies, and as there is no provost in the forest homestead whither we are about to proceed, saving pork and potatoes, the sleigh is freighted with half a sheep, bread and biscuit, tea and sugar, pepper and salt, and a small barrel of beer! My brother chasseurs were determined not to trust only to their guns for viands. Covering our nether man with buffalo robes, our upper being encased in blanket coats, or grey Canadian cloth, with the usual hood attached, and grey or black fur caps on our heads, we disposed ourselves in couplets in the sleigh, and with each his rifle between his knees, we trotted blithely away from the garrison.

With many a pleasant jest and answering laugh, we slid over the natural railroad of snow and ice, past "clearings," and through forests mostly composed of evergreen firs, (thus affording a partial relief to the general white of the landscape,) and at length reached the lake called Loughborough. and the frame dwelling of the hunter Knapp.

It was "diverting" to observe the unloading of the sleigh—a stalwart "Artillero" walking into the house with the half sheep on his shoulders, followed by the beer barrel borne aloft by the "governor," so termed by his familiars, from attachment to his rubicund physiognomy, and his disposition entirely disposed to good fellowship; next followed an A. D. C., a prime shot, carrying buffaloes and a long basket, the contents of which Father Mathew ought not to be cognizant of—the rear was brought up by rifles, and the munitions of war and of the chase.

The wiry old hunter Knapp, with his aquiline nose and long grey locks, his wife, and sons and daughters, received us with friendly greeting, swept out a room for us, and filled up a huge fire of logs in a wide chimney. Forthwith commenced culinary preparations, slices of mutton and potatoes were duly cooked, *item* pork, tea "drawn," mustard scientifically mixed; all the hunters aided and abetted, both in getting up and in doing justice to the feast, after which wrapping ourselves in our buffaloes, each chose what portion of the floor suited him best as to propinquity to the fire, which a small boy, a sort of forest imp, attended.

The youngest of the party, not yet filled out for his length—to wit, two yards—though possessing a good spirit for the chase, after donning a night-gown reaching to his ankles (unlike an old hunter who sleeps in his clothes) ensconced himself in the bunk, a long wooden box which serves for a seat by day, and, when opened out forms a coffin-like bed by night. Having used interest with one of the damsels of the house, he had secured no less than three pillows, but which he did not long enjoy, for whilst sitting up to arrange the buffalo about his feet, his two neighbors on the floor, still "wide awake," quickly secured the pillows, and feigned sleep, whilst he bemoaned his fate for a while *en chemise* before the fire, his nightcapped-head reaching to the Jersey frocks, powder-horns, and hunting-belts which garnished the smoked rafters of our apartment.

At early dawn there was a move. Your true

hunter riseth with the lark; but it was laughable to observe the twisting and turning of one or two who had for a long time previously been accustomed to indulge in repose after "the rosy-fingered Aurora had opened the portals of the morning;" at last, with desperate effort, they sat up, rubbing their eyes and yawning fearfully, and doubtless cursing their folly in joining a party which chose thus to get up "in the middle of the night."

A meat breakfast was quickly cooked and devoured. Knapp and his sons mustered their dogs, and the hunters went off to place themselves in pairs, at the "runways," or tracks where the deer usually pass, and towards which they would be driven by the dogs. Knapp had lost a son, a fine young man, not long before; he was passing through the forest with a cousin behind him, in Indian file; the latter was carrying his gun on his shoulder, holding it by the muzzle; a twig caught the trigger, and the charge of buckshot was lodged in young Knapp's groin; the poor young man died in great agony in a few days.

Loughborough Lake, where we now sported, is a beautiful expanse of water, twenty miles long, surrounded with fine woods, and studded with islands. A week at Loughborough in the "fall" is delightful. Then the woods put on their coat of many colors, "most enchanting to behold;" the sugar-maple displays all the shades of red—from deep crimson to bright orange; the birch and elm flaunt in yellow livery; the ash and basswood in sober brown; whilst the deep green of the fir tribe sets off the glories of the other sons of the forest.

The flies do not annoy in October! Now is the time to take one's pleasure on the clear water, to launch the skiff or bark canoe, to bait the hook for the savory white fish, to "still hunt" in the woods, when the wind prevents the noise of the footsteps being heard on the ash leaves, the first to fall, or else to drive a few deer into the lake, and there with a blow of a paddle to secure what venison is wanted for one's self and friends, and assist the farmers to get the rest for their winter store. None should be wantonly killed. Indiscriminate slaughter of fish, flesh or fowl is unmanly and quite unworthy of a genuine sportsman; humanity ought to temper his ardor in the chase, with all its exhilarating accompaniments.

"'T is merry, 't is merry in good green wood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing,  
When the deer pass by, the hounds are in cry,  
And the hunter's horn is ringing."

Though Loughborough Lake was now locked up in ice, and snow-covered, and no wing of bird about or upon it, yet in April, when the ice disappears, in a day it would teem with life, and innumerable wild fowl would disport on its bosom.

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him was an open meadow where a solitary deer was seen grazing; presently two wolves issued from the forest, and looked towards the deer. They seemed to be planning an attack, when, after an apparent consultation, one went off and, circling round the deer, lay down behind it; the other wolf then made an open attack; when the deer turned and fled, but as it passed the first wolf, he sprung up and fastened upon the unfortunate animal, which thus quickly perished.

My first wolf was encountered on an interesting field—the plains of Assaye, whilst hunting, not for wild animals at the time, but for the remains of the mango-tree, shattered with ball and bullet, and near which the victor, in that bloody and most remarkable action, for some time stood. With the assistance of the potail, or head man of the village, whose left arm had been hewn off by a Mahrattah sabre, the roots were found and a part dug up.

Turn we from the east to "the land of the west" again.

Next day at Knapp's we had good sport—two more deer. We "built up" a fire to leeward of the runways, and resorted to it after the runs, to discuss our proceedings and thaw our fingers.

The third day was not so good—Knapp got one deer, but we got none; though we remained from ten till dark on sentry at our posts, walking to and fro, or sketching, seated on a log. One of our hunters was disabled with a fall on his knee, by hurriedly jumping out of a sleigh, which was beginning to go backward down a hill, when he thought it should be going up; he was sent into town on straw in the bottom of a sleigh.

Altogether we got five deer in four days' hunting, and were away six days; we returned rather triumphantly, with the legs of our venison sticking up about us in the sleigh, and we immediately cut up and divided the spoil among the messes and our friends, and were thus able to gratify *par la bouche*, those who had not the opportunity to assist at the sport.

The last week of deer shooting, the end of January, and snow lying thick on the ground, we engaged in another hunting "scrape," and this time on snow shoes. Bailie, now our chief huntsman, and with another aid-de-camp, a royal engineer, and a Highland officer, we "took the road"—the two sleighs laden with ourselves and with provent and munitions of the chase. We slid along merrily to the music of the sleigh bells, and felt all the exhilaration of the bracing air, while the sight was gratified by each tree and branch being crusted over with frosted silver, consequent on hard and sudden frost succeeding a damp fog.

To assist the warmth of the fur robes about our lower man, and vary our journey, a vigorous snow-ball fight was maintained between the sleighs, but which the horses did not seem either to understand or to relish.

After a drive of seventeen miles we reached Tuttle's place on Dog Lake. A small log house received us, consisting of two rooms and a porch in front, to assist in keeping out the cold; round us was an amphitheatre of ridges covered with trees. It was a quiet, sheltered spot, by the side of a forest lake; at the door, the children threw crumbs to some familiar cross-bills.

It was very interesting to notice these winter visitants from the solitudes of Hudson's Bay, and

at a time too when no other bird was near. Their cross bills, which at first appear a defect, are admirably contrived for separating the scales of the seeds of the coniferous trees from which they usually derive their sustenance; the bill also assists in climbing.

Hearing that there was a fiddle in the neighborhood, we commissioned it, and danced, "coving the buckle" *more Scotice*, till it was time to turn into our buffaloes on the floor. Next morning, with three pair of socks and mocassins, we essayed snow-shoeing; and it was ludicrous to witness the mishaps of those who figured on the broad *racquettes* for the first time: at one moment, one shoe overlapping the other, the wearer would be riveted to the spot, at the next he would be on his knees, or prostrate on his face, among the snow. However, with a little practice of lifting the front of the shoe well up and sliding the after-part over the snow, "the trick" was found out.

To get to our hunting-ground, we put our "traps" on a sleigh, and tramped after it through the forest; occasionally stopping to hew our way with the axe through the fallen trees, when the objectionable practice of "pistolering" with pocket flasks was resorted to—*pour passer le temps*; nothing unsteadies the hand of a hunter so much as this, or renders him more susceptible of cold, as we noticed in others, during a forced journey in Russia some years before.

We took our stations at the runways; Tuttle went round a hill barking like a dog; three does soon appeared, and one fell. It was evening, and time "to make camp" in the snow. An old tree was first felled as "the back-log" of our fire; then two crutches, seven feet out of the ground, were set up at the distance of twelve feet from each other, and on them was laid a ridge pole; on it rested, at an angle of 45°, other poles, and on them were carefully disposed "hemlock feathers," or small branches of the hemlock-pine, broken off, and laid like thatch on the sloping roof of our wigwam, which was open in front to the huge fire, and closed at the sides with boughs. Lastly, the snow was shovelled away from our lair with wooden spades, formed with the axe, and boughs were spread for our bed on the ground.

After our evening meal of pork, biscuit, and tea, and hearing strange tales from Nat Lake, Indian Jim, and other rough woodsmen, who accompanied us, we tried to sleep; it was not easy at first, as the cold was 52° below the freezing-point, which would rather have astonished a person first from the old country; at last we all became unconscious under our buffaloes, save those who tended the fire.

In the morning, after sundry saltatory movements, running round the trees and springs in the air, to supple our limbs, somewhat benumbed with the intense cold, we broke our fast, by "frizzling" pieces of meat on the ends of sticks in our old Cape fashion of the Karbonatje, and as the sleigh could go no farther, we divided the baggage, and each carrying a portion (the good-humored Sapper shouldering two thirty-five pound bags) we "made tracks" for Horseshoe Lake.

This lake is a fine piece of water in the heart of the forest, with islets and rocky shores, and high trees about it; as we passed over it a wild-looking dog rose suddenly from a dark substance on the ice—it was a deer, which had been run

down, lying frozen and half devoured ; the dog would not allow itself to be caught, but snarled defiance and seemed an independent hunter.

We took up our position for the night in a deserted lumberer's shanty of logs, a considerable part of the roof of this small square hut being wanting, to admit the passage of the smoke ; we found in it some old moccassins, a hunter's pot and axe, and two hind-quarters of deer. One of these was immediately thawed in a hole made in the ice of the lake, and roasted by means of a string hung from a beam, but during the operation those who sat up to assist were "done brown" with the smoke, which filled the cabin and refused to make its escape. The cold was still intense, and several had to rub snow on frost-bites. Those who came for pleasure thought "there must be some mistake!"

Next morning we crossed over the ice on the lake, ascended, with some labor, a wooded ridge which ran along its eastern shores, and then posted ourselves at intervals near runways, indicated by our hunters, who then went to find and drive the deer.

The cold was so great that it was dangerous to touch our guns with the unmitigated hand ; the skin would have come off if we had done so ; fortunately there was no wind, so that the thick grey frieze or blanket coats enabled us to hold out at our stations.

I took with me a young forester to assist in looking out ; two pair of eyes (and ears) are best on these occasions. We got behind a prostrate log, and looked to our caps ; a slight grating sound was heard on the snow on our right, and a fine four-year-old buck bounded at a hand gallop past us. He was broadside on ; we levelled and fired. A bullet took effect on his neck ; he stumbled forward, and struggling for life the hunting knife put an end to his pain. The brawny Tuttle coming up, he cut branches and twisted them into withes, then tied the legs of the deer together, and placing the other end of the bush rope round his own body, he dragged him, over the snow to the wigwam, from thence the sleigh carried off the game.

The youngest hunter of this party, a pleasant fellow and a keen sportsman, having previously seen so rapid a discharge of "pistols" and fearing the want of ammunition on the way home, had cunningly, as he thought, buried a favorite square bottle of rum in the snow near the wigwam, but not unobserved by our new acquaintances of Dog Lake, for when he now proceeded with glee to dig up his treasure, it was nowhere to be seen, "and they all laughed!"

A hunting "scrape," as it is called in these western regions, is pleasant enough when you see deer and shoot them, but when, as sometimes happens, one stands on a runway, with the thermometer considerably minus zero, for half a dozen hours, without a chance of a shot, then might the exclamation of an old campaigning friend of mine be excused—"D—— the runway! I'll give anybody leave to flog me with nettles, or furze bushes, or thorn bushes, if you ever catch me on a runway again in winter. I was 'friz horrid,' could not light my pipe, pistol all fired off, and all I saw was a little bird!"

We returned from whence we came, satisfied, in the mean time, with our experiences of the Canadian forest, to a glimpse of whose sylvan shades we have taken the liberty of introducing those who may desire to draw on the light deer-

skin mocassin, to harden their limbs over the windfalls, or broil their rations at the camp fire, whilst practising "the merie arte of wood-craft."

**PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.**—The last two sittings have not presented much interest. M. Müller, of Berlin, was elected corresponding member of the section of zoology and comparative anatomy.—A paper was received from M. Leblanc, relative to some experiments with oxygen and litharge.—In a former sitting of the academy, M. Millon gave an account of some experiments as to the influence exercised by very small quantities of foreign substances, in the decomposition of water by metals. M. Barreswill now explains this influence in the following manner :—"We may admit," says he, "that if zinc, tin, and lead, are attacked by hydrochloric acid with greater energy under the influence of only a few drops of a solution of the salt of platina, than without this influence, it is because the precipitated metal (platina) in contact with the precipitating metal, constitutes a true voltaic element. In fact, if instead of a solution of platina we make use of a piece of platina wire, and touch it with the metal to be dissolved, we obtain the same result. If arsenic accelerates, as we all know it does, the decomposition of water, by zinc, (a phenomenon analogous to the presence of platina,) whilst it checks the action of acids upon iron, this apparent anomaly arises from the fact of the deposit formed upon the zinc being porous, whilst that which covers the iron is impenetrable, like gilding. The proof of this is, that if we scrape a surface of iron thus arsenicated, and replace it in the same liquid, the reaction becomes stronger than upon the same iron when entirely cleaned for the process. This protecting envelope is not necessarily metallic ; it suffices for it to be impenetrable to liquid, adherent, and insoluble in the bath. Thus marble is not dissolved in concentrated nitric acid, because it covers itself with an insoluble coating of nitrate of lime.—A letter was received from M. Leopold Pilla, announcing that he has in his hands some isolated crystals of amphigene and pyronene, which were thrown up from Vesuvius on the 22d of April last, a circumstance never before known. Some of the crystals are as large as hazel-nuts.

#### *The Coming of the Mammoth; The Funeral of Time; and other Poems.* By HENRY B. HIRST.

Mr. Hirst is an American, who, during "the intervals of his preparation for the bar," amused himself by penning stanzas, which were published in different periodicals, and are here collected, with some apparently original verses. Taken altogether, the poems are occasional or miscellaneous ; for though the volume contains several tales, they are brief and simple, little more than an incident told. "The Coming of the Mammoth," an Indian tradition, versified, is not an exception to this remark : though the longest poem in the book, it is not the most successful. Mr. Hirst is not able to reach the grandeur of the primeval ages of the Red Indians, when the human race was threatened with extinction by the ravages of a giant mammoth, and the Deity himself had a struggle to destroy the creature of his own hands.

The other poems are frequently pretty, or something more ; they are fluent, harmonious—but echoes. The best, to our liking, are "Isabelle" and "Geraldine;" the style of the last, as well as of some others, caught from Tennyson or Coleridge.

From the Picayune.

LIFE AT THE SOUTH—A LYNCHER'S OWN STORY.

BY T. M. FIELD.

"I never fight when angry, gentlemen."

*James Bowie.*

"I go in for reprisals, gentlemen—by the eternal heavens, reprisals! Seize on abolition property in New Orleans, Natchez—wherever found. Seize on the Yankee scoundrels themselves, and exchange them for our own kidnapped slaves—nigger for nigger, by thunder!"

This violent speech, delivered with savage energy, by a thin, wiry-looking man—one of a group collected around the stove in the "social hall" of a Mississippi steamboat—was received with a shout of applause by all assembled.

"Good, by gracious!" "That's the talk!" "You're a hoss, judge!" &c., followed the explosion, like a rattle of small thunder, till an enormous figure, in a white hat and blanket coat—yet, withal, a good-looking man—arose slowly, stretched himself, and brushed back the thick hair from his broad forehead, and then, in quiet, yet evidently pleased accents, said, with a smile:

"Yes, judge, that's the talk, I believe! Gentlemen, we'll take a little something."

There was a general demonstration as if to rise, when the barkeeper, who made one of the crowd, and who appeared to be singularly impressed with the new doctrine of "reprisals," begged the "colonel" would keep his seat, and "drinks" should be brought.

"Sit down, colonel," cried the energetic judge, emptying his mouth of a "chew," by way of preparation for "one more drink," and at the same time running his heels higher up the stove pipe—"Sit down; this thing has got to be fixed between the north and the south, and a little talk about it won't be lost."

All resumed their seats, the "drinks" were brought, and, by the spirit with which fresh cigars were lighted, it was evident that the subject had only got fairly under headway in the assembly. It was in the fall of 18—. During the preceding summer, a couple of slaves had been seduced, and finally wrested from their masters by the Boston abolitionists, and the numerous southerners then at the north, filled with violent indignation, gave vent to the most furious threats and denunciations. It is not intended here to argue, or even comment upon the vexatious questions of slavery, but simply to sketch a few features and incidents of south-western character and adventure.

It was a cold and rainy night; the steamer plunged along amidst dense shadows, in which the unpractised eye could not even distinguish an outline; the main cabin was spread with mattresses, and the persons around the stove, the last up, deserting some half hour previously a couple of card tables, and falling upon an exciting topic, now promised to make a night of it.

"Yes, gentlemen," resumed the fiery judge, "it may seem like a desperate doctrine, but what except desperation is left us? The crisis must come! My slave is my property, guaranteed to me by the constitution. If Massachusetts sanctions the seizure of our niggers, who shall cry shame on Louisiana, should she retort upon their ships?"

Another cheer of approval further stimulated the speaker, who rushed into a vehement relation of several other abolition outrages, which led to certain stories of southern vengeance upon abolition agents; a sort of vindictive phrenzy spread among the company; fresh drinks were called in; "Lynching" was a theme upon which all were eloquent, and well known cases of punishment under that summary code were repeated, commented and gloated on with a savage enjoyment which promised a rough fate for the next tract distributor which might be caught by any of the party.

During this time the colonel, though evidently of kindred sentiments with the company, had preserved his equanimity; he smoked his cigar deliberately, listened to the indifferent speakers with an assenting smile, or, may be, a "Just so, doctor," or a "Quite correct, gentlemen;" but, finally, after the relation of a retaliating capture and execution under horribly exciting circumstances, he, in mild tones, and with an aspect that indicated anything but ferocity, signified his intention to relate "a little circumstance" himself.

"I'm not a passionate man, gentlemen," said he, drawing up his leg slowly, and adjusting his vast bulk in the chair; "I'm rather a calm man, and apt to bear putting upon, rather, but I go in for Lynch law, some, for all that. I had a little case of my own with one of those abolition gentlemen once, and I acted up to the law fully—on my honor I did, gentlemen. I am a family man, gentlemen—and a friend who comes to see me, or a stranger wishing to put up, if an honest-looking white man, always finds my house his home while in it. I keep servants to wait on them, purposely—I do, gentlemen, and treachery under such circumstances is a mean thing—it's not a white man's act, gentlemen."

An emphatic assent was expresssd on all hands. "Well, I lost two boys, valuable servants, gentlemen, by entertaining wolves in sheep's clothing, and I determined that the next one who called should be punished some, and I didn't wait long, for, somehow, they had got the hang of my house, gentlemen, and took the advantage of my temper. A very polite stranger, with his wife and a 'dearborn,' came along; he had something, however, the matter with his eyes when I looked at him; and so I put my own servant, Jake—a very good boy, gentlemen—a perfect WHITE MAN, and whom I never said a cross word to in my life—I put Jake to 'tend on them; and sure enough, after I was in bed, back came the boy to say that the gentleman had offered to run off! Well, I told Jake to go with him—first leaving word which way he was to travel, and then I went to sleep. In the morning, Jake's wife—a decent wench, gentlemen—a perfect lady—came to tell me all about the arrangement; so taking my overseer with me, I started after them."

"I should THINK so!" "Wake snakes!" "Go ahead, judge!" A dozen eager exclamations evinced the zest with which the climax of the story was expected. The narrator, however, proceeded with a *sang froid* that was inimitable.

"I had n't gone but a few miles, when back comes Jake, meeting me. The fox, gentlemen, had smelt a trap and PUT, with his wife and wagon, leaving the boy to take care of himself. Of course I did n't drop the matter, but followed

up and soon got on trail. I tracked him back a good many miles from the river, but missed him near a lake which was back of our plantation, and lost a good deal of time. Towards afternoon, returning by another road towards the river, between the *bayou* and Dr. Boll's new clearing, I heard voices, and in a minute drove right up to a crowd of neighbors, who had got my visitor, his wife, and his "dearborn" right in the middle of them! The fact is, gentlemen, one or two of them had got notice that there were wolves about, and were on the lookout for varmint as my acquaintance drove in among them."

"Ha! ha! ha!" A general chuckle of delight was succeeded by a grin of anticipation.

"I found my friend, gentlemen, talking right and left, like a lawyer, making everything straight and agreeable, when suddenly he caught sight of me, in the next moment of Jake; and, gentlemen, if ever a man gave up the ghost before the breath was out of him, it was that fellow; his eyes glazed; a dark circle settled round them, while his lower lip, blue and quivering as the blood left it, after making an effort, as it were, to recall the relaxed jaw to its duty, finally fell with it; and there the man sat, staring at me, motionless, with the exception of his throat, which worked spasmodically in the effort to supply itself with moisture from the parched mouth. Gentlemen, he was the picture of a small rascal caught in a full snap! I first blushed that he was a white man, and then next that he was an American!"

"American h—ll!" interrupted one of the pilots of the boat, who, perched upon a pile of trunks, had hitherto said nothing; "he was a d—d Yankee, that's what he was!" This distinction was recognized with great applause, of course. The colonel resumed:

"There was just about a tolerable court on the spot, gentlemen, and it was agreed to try the fellow right thar. There was evidence besides mine, for one man had followed him up along the plantations for twenty miles; but yet the woman kinder stood between him and his due, and I thought I would question her too. She was young, gentlemen, with a simple look—had evidently neither the heart nor the wit of a woman about her, and at my first question—something put it into my head—'Are you married to this man?' she burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break. I had him taken away at once, and out it all came—with no thought of injuring her companion though; it was the simple impulse to relieve a timid mind by confession. She was not his wife. She had taught school in Tennessee, where this man saw her, and first persuading her to aid him in the circulation of abolition tracts, finally seduced and carried her to New Orleans, where, growing more bold as he extended his acquaintance with the country, he had made another arrangement with the 'society'—one of greater profit as of greater risk—namely, to 'run off' negroes from the plantations along the coast. Gentlemen, this is a mighty long story—bar-keeper—"

"Oh, go, no!" "Go ahead, colonel." Drinks at the moment were declined, but the shorter operation of taking a fresh "chew" by way of filling up the pause.

"I had another question to ask the woman. 'Do you love this man?' said I. The poor creature wept worse than ever, gentlemen; she said

her only desire was to go to some friends in Illinois, where she hoped to be welcome and to get along more wisely. 'He abuses you, then,' said I. 'Oh,' said she, 'I wouldn't mind that, if I thought he would n't kill me.' In short, as I hope to live a mild and considerate citizen, gentlemen, that livid, cowardly scoundrel had, during my pursuit of him, after threatening his victim—now his burthen—till she was nearly lifeless, actually attempted to drown her in the swamp! I need n't tell you, gentlemen, how unanimous the verdict was in this case; the woman, for whom we subsequently made up a subscription, was moved off towards the nearest house: the man, a mighty small figure, anyhow, shrunk to half his natural size; discolored as if the last corrupting change had anticipated the grave; his arms bound behind his back—and shivering on the ground, too spent to exhibit a spasm—with the rein which he had lately held in his hand buckled around his neck for a halter—like a thing too abject even to hang—awaited the selection of a crotch for him to swing from."

It may be supposed that the picture, the horrid features of which were thus in detail described, had gradually excited the phlegmatic limner; not at all! His sentences swelled, not from the mere impetuous gathering of ideas, but, as it seemed, from a good-natured desire to make the story as interesting as possible to his hearers, while it in no respect exhibited nervousness,—there was not a flash of passion during the whole narration. This was not the case with the hearers, though. The eyes of the "judge" seemed bursting from his head in eager expectation, while the "chewing" operation on his part was for a moment suspended; others were like him; a few again, by an eager but painful contraction of the brows, betrayed a softer nature—at any rate, more sensitive nerves.

"Yes, gentlemen, there was a moment's delay in choosing a limb; in the mean time, by way of hanging the culprit with a little life in him, some one had given him a mouthful of whisky, when, recovering his tongue, he began to beg; from begging, gentlemen, he got to screaming; blood actually trickled from his straining eyes, and it was getting unpleasant—no dignity about it! An idea struck me! I just climbed up, hand over hand, a pretty stout sapling close by me; I'm a heavy man, gentlemen, and, as I mounted over, the young tree came with me—bent like a fishing rod—"

There was a breathless silence in the company; an enormous "roach," peeping from a crack in the panelling, could hardly have crossed without being heard, while each eye was riveted horribly upon the speaker.

"The culprit, gentlemen, took the idea sooner than any of the others, and his shrieks and ravings were dreadful—really dreadful! Another climbed after me, and, with the added weight, down we both came, half hid amongst the high boughs of the top, and the loose end of the rein was made fast in a second. 'One instant, for God's sake! I've got children! For the sake of my soul!'—half uttered scream, gentlemen, mingled with the rush of the boughs, as we dropped to the ground, and the nigger thief, with a jerk that snapped his neck, flew into the air, describing the half circle as spanned by his halter, and swinging back to us again from the other side!"

A long breath was drawn by the whole com-

pany. The "judge" was the first to break the succeeding pause.

"Well, that *was* an idea! We'll drink on that, gentlemen, by thunder!"

All moved to the bar—some two or three silently, the others as to the mere change of enjoyment. "Colonel," cried the judge, "name your liquor—that *was* an idea!"

"Yes!" exclaimed another, with no less enthusiasm, "a first-rate idea!"

"A splendid idea!" "A glorious idea!" was the general chorus.

"Yes, gentlemen," complacently observed the giant, as he raised his glass, "I think myself that it *was* a sweet idea!"

#### SELLING A WIFE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Commercial, giving to that journal some interesting "Sketches of the Midland Counties of England," introduces the following picture of a scene in Staffordshire amongst the local peasantry, whose condition would seem from the sketch to be much debased and degraded:

"The town crier, in front of a dirty tavern, rings his bell and gives notice that a woman—and her little babbie—will be offered for sale—in the market place—this afternoon—at four o'clock—by her husband—Moses Slatter—otherwise Rough Moey."

A universal roar of laughter followed this announcement, and all the people answered, hurrah! The women in the street bent double in their convulsions of merriment, and the shopkeepers collected in twos and threes, congratulated each other on the promised scene, and leaving their shops to the care of their apprentices, retired to the tavern, to drink success to "Rough Moey." The crier went to different parts of the town, to make his announcement, and a group of ragged children followed him.

On came the crowd with a hurricane of hurras, as they neared the market place; in the centre three or four fellows with sticks kept back the eager crowd from crushing upon a man, woman, and infant—the lions of the day!

The man was a stout, burly fellow, of about forty-five or fifty: his face had been originally deeply marked with small pox, but the smaller impress of the disease had been literally ploughed out by deep blue furrows, which the horrible fire-damp had left in his face and neck. He had lost one eye, and a wooden stump supplied the place of his right leg. The expression of his features was that of a fiend, a brutal animal fiend.

The woman was much younger, probably about twenty-three, with as much good looks as was compatible with her slavish occupation in life; a young child of about a year old was in her arms, quite undisturbed by the horrid uproar around. A common hempen halter was put loosely around her neck, the end of which was held by her husband; she was evidently in her best attire; her face was washed, leaving a boundary line of coal dust extending along the edge of the lower jaw, and her hair was gathered up into a knot behind, confined by a blue ribbon, which floated in gallant streamers.

If one might judge from her appearance, her situation was anything but unpleasant to her feelings, and in reply to the encouraging exclamation of "Ne'er mind, Sal! keep up ye art—never say

die!" &c., she replied with a merry laugh, and assured them that she would "be glad to get rid of the old rascal;" that "it served her right for marrying such a good-for-nothing scoundrel." At length they arrived at the centre of the market place—some ale was sent for; all the fiddlers and all the "hurdy-gurdies" were pressed into service, and all struck up in simultaneous discord, before the business was entered upon.

After all these preparations were concluded, an inverted tub was brought, on which the woman stood, still holding her child. Another was provided for the auctioneer-husband; a "ring" was cleared, by some stout fellows with sticks, and the business of the sale commenced.

Perhaps some people may shake their heads in doubt at the scene I am attempting to describe. All I can say in answer is—I saw it; and it was not the first time I had looked on such a scene. I know the law does not allow it, but I saw it done, and am not the apologist, either of the law or the people.

I learned, upon inquiry, that jealousy was the cause of the present auction, as it always is of similar transactions. That "Rough Moey," in his green old age, had given a "pit wench" a new gown, and other articles of dress, with a fortnight's "treat," to marry him; that she had afterwards transferred her affections to a young collier, upon which Moey became jealous and beat her; beating, however, did not cure love, but only awakened thoughts of vengeance. She watched her opportunity, and finding him one night very drunk, she gently unstrapped and removed his wooden leg and thrashed him to her heart's content; whereupon Moey, knowing perhaps that "love is strong as death," became tired of keeping a woman, the affections of whose young and delicate heart were absorbed by another, and adopted the present mode of procedure, as the only recognized legal method, with which he was cognizant, of transferring her to her admirer.

"Laerdies and gentlemen," said Moey upon his tub, holding a quart pot in one hand and the halter in the other, and winking with his remaining eye; "Laerdies and gentlemen, ere's all your good healths." He took a long, long draught, then inverted the pot, to show that it was empty, and said Ah-h-h! About one hundred and fifty colliers laughed and said, "Thank thee, Moey!" and the same number of women said, "Well done, old lad!" A young man who was evidently to be the purchaser, supplied the wife with, and she kept up, a running fire of short sentences with the women around. Notwithstanding this bravado, I could see her eyes filled with tears, and her heart was beating fiercely. Her voice faltered at last, and giving her child to the young man, she sat down on the tub, buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly. All laughing suddenly ceased; here was no more joking, but a clamor of abuse that would have overwhelmed Babel, the women, old and young, poured upon Moey. It was very contagious, that feeling of indignation, when once raised, and the men's brows began to contract, when the purchaser expectant said, in a rather savage voice, "Come, now, old chap; let's 'a done wi' this foolery; go on!"

"Laerdies and gentlemen," said Moey, "we all on us knows how the matter stands; it canna be helped, so we need n't be so savage about it." Then fortifying himself with another drink, and winking hideously with his remaining eye, he con-

tinued—"Laerdies and gentlemen, I ax lase to oppose to yer notice a very honsome young 'ooman an a noise little baby, which either belongs to me or somebody else." Here was a general laugh, and good humor was gaining the ascendant.

"Her's a good cratur," continued Moey, "and goes pretty well in arness, with a little flogging. Her can cook a sheep's head like a Christian, and mak broth like as good as Lord Dartmouth. Her can carry a hundred and a half o' coals from the pit for three miles; her can sell it well, and put it down her throat in three minits." A general laugh of applause followed this, and the grateful audience pressed more drink on the orator.

"Now, my lads," continued Moey, "roll up and bid spirited; it's all right, according to law; I bro't her through the turnpike, and paid the mon; I bro't her with a halter, an I had her cried; so there's nothing to pay, and the law consarn's all right; so if yer gie me enough for the 'ooman I gie yer the young kid into the bargain. Now gentlemen! who bids? Goin, goin, goin, I can't relay—can't dwell on this lot as the auctioneer says."

The orator ceased, and "great cheering" followed his speech. "Eighteen pence," cried a voice from the crowd. "Eighteen pence!" repeated Morey, "only eighteen pence for a full-grown young 'ooman! why you'd have to pay the parson seven and six for marrying yer! an here's a wife ready made to yer hands for eighteen pence, eh! who bids?"

"I'll gie ye half a crown, old rough 'un," said the young man, who they all knew would be the purchaser. "I'll tell thee wot, Jack," said Moey, "if thee't make it up three gallons o' drink, her's thine; I'll ax thee naught for the baby, and the baby and the halter's worth a quart. Come, say six shillin!" After a little chaffin about the price, the young man agreed to pay for three gallons of ale; which it was stipulated was to be had forthwith, and in which himself, his newly bought wife and one or two friends were to participate.

The bargain being concluded the halter was placed in the young man's hand, and the young woman received the congratulations of numerous dingy matrons; she wiped her eyes, and smiled cheerfully; her new husband impressed a sharp barking kiss on her cheek, by way of ratifying the agreement; and amid shouts and laughter the mob broke up and dispersed; the new wedding party going, I proceeded to my inn.

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#### THE SONG OF STEAM.

BY G. W. CUTTER.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein;  
For I scorn the power of your puny hands  
As the tempest scorns a chain.  
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight  
For many a countless hour,  
At the childish boast of human might,  
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the seas,  
Creeping along a snail-like band,  
Or waiting the wayward breeze;  
When I marked the peasant faintly reel  
With the toil which he daily bore,  
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,  
Or tugged at the weary oar;

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When I measured the panting courser's speed,  
The flight of the courier dove,  
As they bore the law a king decreed,  
Or the lines of impatient love;  
I could not but think how the world would feel,  
As these were outstripped afar,  
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,  
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,  
They invited me forth at length,  
And I rushed to my throne with thunder blast,  
And laughed in my iron strength.  
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change  
On the earth and the ocean wide,  
Where now my fiery armies range,  
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,  
The mountains steep decline,  
Time—space—have yielded to my power—  
The world! the world is mine!  
The rivers, the sun hath earliest blest,  
Or those where his beams decline;  
The giant streams of the queenly West,  
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,  
To hear my strength rejoice,  
And the monsters of the briny deep  
Cower, trembling at my voice.  
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,  
The thoughts of his god-like mind,  
The wind lags after my flying forth,  
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine  
My tiresome arm doth play,  
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,  
Or the dawn of the glorious day.  
I bring earth's glittering jewels up  
From the hidden cave below,  
And I make the fountain's granite cup  
With a crystal gush overflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel  
In all the shops of trade;  
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,  
Where my arms of strength are made;  
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;  
I carry, I spin, I weave;  
And all my doings I put into print,  
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,  
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"  
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"  
While I manage this world by myself.  
But harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein,  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands  
As the tempest scorns a chain.

*Licking Valley Register.*

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CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness and festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorifications of God; it produces thankfulness, and serves the ends of charity; and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about: and therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this joy does set forward the work of religion and charity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

## USE OF THE LEAGUE.

WHATEVER may be thought of the measures and movements of "the League," it is at least likely to be the beginning of a mercantile party advocating more comprehensive views than any the nation has yet seen. "My more genteel friend, Mr. Bright," as Mr. Cobden calls him, may be a worthy antagonist of Mr. Hudson; but Mr. Cobden himself belongs to a higher class. Mercantile politicians have hitherto been considered identical with advocates of a special interest. Your merchant in parliament was usually a successful trader, whose wealth gave him influence, and who from his experience was heard with respect on facts lying within his own sphere, but from whom no one expected sound views on general principles. The mercantile member of parliament was an oracle to all parties on the actual profit and loss of the shipping or any other branch of trade, and an implicit follower of the political leaders with whose party he had been connected by birth or other accident. He never aspired to develop a theory of trade, or look upon the commerce of the empire as an organic whole. He stuck to his own line of business, and sought to win favors and concessions for it by making himself useful to his party. Ricardo the First was almost a solitary exception to this general character.

But the mercantile politicians of the League, be their theory right or wrong, regard the whole commerce, and indeed the whole industry of the nation, as an organic whole. They do not ask for favors to one interest at the expense of another. They announce a general law which they assert regulates all industrial and commercial enterprise; and from this general law they endeavor to deduce a system of commercial policy that will give fair play to all. They have been forced to take this high ground by the necessity under which they felt themselves at the outset of disclaiming connexion with any political party. Yet the necessity of enlisting a large body of supporters, and the narrowing influence of an association, may have in part counteracted the effects of this isolation from party; which, moreover, has not always been very faithfully carried into effect. The League having one special avowed object, its opinions on every other question have been cut and shaped with care so as to present not even the appearance of discordance with those which they avow with reference to the corn-trade. Again, the League, like every other association, is composed of much sincere enthusiasm, (always respectable,) a few good heads and energetic characters, and an immense quantity of rubbish. These influences bias the politicians of the League—prevent them from bringing to the investigation of every commercial question that arises minds sufficiently courageous and independent to confess mistakes and oblige them at times to adopt arguments and courses of action which their better judgment and taste would reject, lest they should offend some of their partisans. From these deteriorating influences, however, time will emancipate the politicians of the League school; experience teaching them the necessity of throwing aside arguments which only expose them to triumphant rejoinders, and desisting from tricks of policy which only alienate honest men. And, on the other hand, their very adversaries will be obliged, in self-defence, to adopt those habits of comprehensive investigation and logical argument which are the proper sources

of the League's strength, wherever it is strong; for dialecticians of this high class can be successfully encountered by none but kindred spirits. The contending parties will educate each other, and strike out truth between them.

The League's "hundred thousand pounds," and even its associated members, are matters of comparatively little moment. There it is—a fact, great or little. It will survive till its work is accomplished, whatever attacks may be made upon it; and it will not survive much longer, although desperate efforts will be made to give it a prolonged vampyre-like existence by the paid agency it has called into being. But the more comprehensive and systematic method of discussing questions of commercial policy, which it has been such a powerful instrument in extending from makers of books and members of political economy clubs to the great body of the people, will not pass away. These controversies will in future be more and more conducted in the spirit of the Cobdens and Barklies, and less in that of the Hudsons and Brights.—*Spectator*, 16 Aug.

## PUNCH.

## "THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP."

THE following intelligence—quoted from the *Hampshire Telegraph*—comes from free-hearted, liberty-loving America:—

"By a private letter which has reached us from Gibraltar, we are informed, upon good authority, that 20,000 slave shackles, for men, women, and children—in all fourteen cart-loads—have been fished up from the wreck of the American war-steamer, *Missouri*, lately burnt at that port."

Now, as the timbers and other relics of our *Royal George* have been worked into boxes and nick-nacks, we propose to Americans—the traders of the human shambles, the money-seeking breeders of "God's likeness in ebony"—that they should turn the penny with these 20,000 slave shackles. If wrought into utensils for domestic use, or what would still be better, turned into ornaments for the women of America, they would endear to them that sweet principle which coins money from the "marrow and the bones of man." Some of these shackles might also be manufactured into steel clasps for the Bibles of the very religious breeders of the black.

[We presume that this story about the shackles is entirely untrue—but think it ought to be investigated, and contradicted by authority.—*Living Age*.]

## THE STATE OF THE ROYAL NURSERY.

THE venerable Homer, they say, sometimes nods; but our equally venerable laureat seems to be always snoring. Nevertheless, we cannot help regretting that he should have missed many good chances of coming before the public; among others, that furnished by the Queen's Visit to Germany. We consider that in the composition of the following lines, in connection with that event, we are absolutely doing his work for him, and we accordingly expect him to bestow a leaf from his chaplet on us, if not to "stand" a bottle of his official Malmsey. With this brief preface introduce we our more brief poem; to wit:—

## SPECULATION.—A SONNET OF THE PALACE.

I wonder what the royal children do,  
Now that their gracious parents are away ;  
Whether like mice, when puss is out, they play,  
And turn their princely nursery upside down ;  
Presuming on the absence of the crown,  
Frisking and frolicking, with gambols gay,  
And shouting "Whoop!" and "Hip, hip, hip,  
hooray!"—

To use a common phrase—till all is blue !  
For the blood royal, sure, is human still ;  
And well we know what children are about,  
What time the darlings know their mother's out.  
But whither wanders my presumptuous quill ?  
Haply, whilst thus I build my royal rhyme,  
The babes august are crying all the time.

## TO SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART.

SIR,—You dedicate the last edition of your "Zanoni" to Gibson the sculptor, in these words :

"I, artist in words, dedicate to you, artist whose ideas speak in marble, this well-loved work of my matured manhood. I love it not the less because it has been little understood, and superficially judged, by the common herd. It was not meant for them."

Now, Sir Edward, this is not fair to the circulating libraries. It's all very well to talk of the "common herd," and say it "was not meant for them," with a curl of your fine lip ; but you know it was meant for everybody who could pay threepence for a perusal of the volumes—and very popular it has been, especially with ladies'-maids and milliners.

You call yourself "artist in words;" this is not original. There is a man in Oxford Street who calls himself "artist in hair," and you ought, in justice, to dedicate your next novel to him. There is an analogy between your work and his, which I can't discover between yours and Gibson's.

His material is as flimsy, his workmanship as dexterous, as your own. He will spin you a landscape or a cipher, a *memento mori* or a motto, with equal facility—and it shall be but hair after all. So you, Sir Edward, have spun for us a sentimental highwayman, a high-souled felon, a speculative seducer, a philosophic dandy, and yet the stuff of all was one and the same—"self," Sir Edward, "self."

Why are you always complaining ? The public read your novels ; the publishers pay for them : you are a lion at dinners, a thing to point at in the streets. What would man have more ? It is all very well to put off a clever pinchbeck imitation for gold—we grant the skill of the workmanship and the workman—but it is too bad to insist on our acknowledging it to be genuine gold, and to call us "common herd," when we give you a sturdy "no."

Forgive your friendly monitor for the tone he has taken towards you. We have no objection to your considering yourself ill-used ; but you become a bore when you are always dinning it in our ears. A play of yours is successful—we are "a discriminating public." Your next play is damned—we are a "common herd." Your *Pilgrims of the Rhine* makes a hit in Germany ; you dedicate one edition to the German public, as philosophical critics, or something of the sort.

You must not be allowed to fancy you hold the scales quite so firmly and uncontestedly ; that your

works are the gauge and test of artistic judgment and taste, in this way ; and it is to remind you of this, that we have taken up our pen, with which, nevertheless, we subscribe ourselves,

Your admirer (within limits),

PUNCH.

## PUNCH ON THE SILKWORM.

So dazzling is the magnificence of the ladies' dresses at the balls and assemblies of the nobility and gentry, that it is but a safe precaution, on entering one, to put on a pair of green spectacles. The finery, however, in a short time becomes tolerable ; and then the now thinking mind inquires, what did it cost ? We refer that question, in a financial sense, to the lords—and gentlemen—whom it concerns, and who will discuss it, no doubt, with a due proportion of groans. Fine fashions cost something more than fine fortunes. Silks, it is well known, cannot be produced without silkworms ; but it is not known as generally that their making up involves the sacrifice of numbers of those poor things.

The silkworms we allude to possess legs and arms, which are not, however, by any means in the condition in which arms and legs ought to be. These said silkworms are very generally kept shut up in close, ill-aired cages, at work, not only from morning to night, but also from morning to morning, in consequence of which they are mostly very sickly, and numbers of them are continually dying off. Need we say that our silkworms are the creatures commonly known as needlewomen ! Now the disease most incidental and most fatal to these human silkworms is consumption. It is a shocking, though very common, occurrence, to hear of a young lady destroyed in her prime by the malady just mentioned ; whose origin it is no less common to hear ascribed to a cold caught at a ball. Now, as the atmosphere of Almack's is much more consumptive than that of Billingsgate, and as dances in the open air on a village green are considerably less dangerous than at the Hanover Square Rooms, we have our doubts about the connection of the disease, in such cases, with cold.

The question has been mooted, whether consumption is contagious. We do not mean to assert that it is ; and we would not frighten anybody, especially a sensitive young lady, or her anxious mamma, unnecessarily ; but we do declare that we should not, were it consistent with our sex, at all like to be in the frocks of those whose dresses have been worked by consumptive fingers. We shall say no more on this subject, except that we hope we have now thrown out a little hint, which may induce those for whom it is intended to interest themselves, for their own sakes, in behalf of the over-worked silkworms.

## SONG OF THE SORDID SWEETHEART.

I loved thee for thy money,  
For wealth, they said, was thine ;  
But, finding thou hast none, I  
Thy heart and hand resign.  
Think not I wish to pain thee,  
Deem not I use thee ill :  
I like thee ;—but maintain thee,  
I neither can nor will.

I thought thee quite a treasure—  
*A bona fide sum,*

And dreamt of joy and pleasure  
That never were to come :  
The house—the hounds—the horses—  
Thy fortune would allow ;  
The wines—the dozen courses ;—  
That dream is over now !

Not for thy charms I wooed thee,  
Though thou wast passing fair ;  
Not for thy mind I sued thee,  
Though stored with talents rare :  
Thine income 't was that caught me—  
For that I held thee dear ;  
I trusted thou 'dst have brought me  
Five thousand pounds a year.

That hope, alas ! is blighted,  
Thereon I will not dwell ;  
I should have been delighted  
To wed thee—but, farewell !  
My feelings let me smother,  
Hard though the struggle be,  
And try and find another,  
Rich as I fancied thee.

## PUNCH'S REGENCY.

## INTRODUCTION.

The only man of any mark  
In all the town remaining,  
I sauntered in St. James' Park,  
And watched the daylight waning.  
"The Speaker's lips," I said, "are sealed,  
They've shut up both the houses ;  
Sir Robert's gone to Turnabout field,  
Sir James to shoot the grousers.  
The queen and all the court are out  
In Germany and Flanders,  
And, happy midst his native *krout*,  
My princely Albert wanders.  
No more the dumpy palace arch  
The royal standard graces ;  
Alone, upon his lonely march,  
The yawning sentry paces."  
Beneath an elm-tree, on a bank,  
I mused, (for tired my hunch was,)  
And there in slumber soft I sank,  
And this the dream of *Punch* was.

## THE DREAM.

I dreamed it was a chair of gold,  
The grassy bank I sat on ;  
I dreamed Saint Edward's sceptre old  
I wielded for a baton.  
Men crowded to my throne, the elm,  
In reverend allegiance ;  
And *Punch* was published through the realm,  
The jolliest of regents.

Back came the ministerial rout  
From touring and carousing ;  
Back came Sir Bob from Turnabout,  
And back Sir James from grousing.  
I turned upon a scornful heel,  
When Graham asked my favor ;  
I sternly banished Bobby Peel  
To Turnabout forever.

To courtly Aberdeen, I sent  
A mission influential,  
To serve the Yankee President  
As Flunkey Confidential.  
Lord Brougham and Vaux in banishment  
I ordered to old Reekie,

And Stanley to New Zealand went  
Ambassador to Heki.

And Kelly, whom the world assails,  
But whom the bar takes fame from,  
I made Lord Viscount New South Wales  
Where poor John Tawell came from.  
And then I asked his grace, the duke,  
What ministers to go to,  
On which he generously took  
The cabinet *in toto*.

O then ! all other reigns which shine  
Upon our page domestic,  
Were mean and dim compared to mine,  
That regency majestic.  
And ages hence the English realm  
Shall tell the wondrous legend  
Of *Punch*, when at the nation's helm,  
Her Majesty's high regent.

Around my empire's wide frontier  
No greedy bully swaggered,  
Nor swindling Yankee buccaneer,  
Nor savage Gallic braggart.  
For threats and arms were flung aside,  
And war-ships turned to traders,  
And all our ports were opened wide,  
To welcome the invaders.

At home the cottier coarsed his hare,  
Beside the duke his neighbor ;  
The weaver got his living fair  
For his ten hours of labor.  
And every man without employ  
Got beef—not bones—to feed on,  
And every little working boy  
His page of *Punch* could read on.

And Irishmen learned common sense,  
And prudence brought them riches ;  
Repeal ceased pilfering for pence  
In Paddy's mended breeches.  
Old Dan was grown too rich to beg,  
And in a union jolly  
I linked Mac Hale with Tresham Gregg,  
And Beresford with Crolly.

Then gentlemen might earn their bread,  
And think there was no shame in 't ;  
And at my court might hold their head  
Like any duke or dame in 't.  
A duchess and her governess  
The same quadrille I clapt in ;  
I asked old Wellington to mess,  
And meet a half-pay captain.

The bar and press I reconciled !  
(They thanked me one and all for 't.)  
Benignantly the Thunderer smiled  
On Mr. Sergeant Talfourd \* \* \*  
I know not where my fancy strayed,  
My dream grew wilder—bolder—  
When suddenly a hand was laid  
Full roughly on my shoulder.

It was the guardian of the park—  
The sun was sunk in heaven ;  
"Git up," says he, "it's after dark,  
We shuts at half past seven."  
And so I rose and shook myself,  
And, *satiatus ludi*,  
Resigned the crown to Royal Guelph,  
And went to tea to Judy.

From the National Intelligencer.

PARTS OF A LETTER FROM MR. WALSH.

PARIS, August 20, 1845.

THE London *Globe* of the 18th instant has an editorial article in which it endeavors to show that the Americans would commit enormous folly in fighting for Oregon; that they should be satisfied with continuing to conquer *Nature* within their already too ample field.

The Paris *Siecle* of this morning gives an editorial column and a half, entitled "England and the United States." According to this journal the United States may be incited by their success in the instances of Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, to inordinate territorial cupidity: England is preparing to arrest their further aggrandizement by war: her fleets are reorganized and exercised with this view; she is making all ready: Sir Robert Peel involved France in the Texas question, but cannot venture to require of M. Guizot more than neutrality in the event of a rupture: M. Guizot will remain neutral; but France might join the United States without fearing a coalition in the north: the continental powers would not again league with England; France has the *frames (cadres)* for an army of five hundred thousand men; she has a large and well-appointed fleet; Paris is impregnably fortified; Great Britain might be revolutionized, and so forth.

It is written from Constantinople that the Ottoman Porte is vexed and uneasy at the visit of the Duke of Montpensier, Louis Philippe's youngest son, to Mehemet Ali in Egypt. The old *entente cordiale* between the French government and the viceroy is not forgotten.

Lamartine's History of the *Girondins* will soon be issued.

The legitimist journal *La France*, of this day, has an official communication from Frohsdorf, near Vienna, stating that the royal (old Bourbon) family are there in perfect health, and that the court of Austria is very attentive to its relatives, particularly to the Count de Chambord, (Duke de Bordeaux,) who has been formally invited to the palace of Schönbrunn.

The only new phasis in the affairs of Ireland is the great Protestant Meeting and Demonstration at Enniskillen. The Dublin *Mail* (Orange organ) promised the presence of 150,000 Orangemen; but the number on the ground does not seem to have surpassed twelve or fourteen thousand. Some lords and ladies appeared. The speakers declared that the Irish Protestants were able and resolved to defend themselves; all they asked was not to be betrayed by the British government. The London *Globe* (whig) of the 16th observes: "If the people of Ireland could but agree among themselves about what is required to remove the miseries of their condition, it would much simplify the difficult problem how that country should be dealt with by the imperial parliament and executive." It is more likely that the Maronites and Druses will agree, concerning the true policy and action of the Ottoman Porte, than the Repealers and the Orangemen in any point whatever.

*La Presse* mentions the project of a French society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. "We are," says the *Presse*, "the most inhuman people on earth towards our domestic animals. The prevention of cruelty would conduce to the improvement of breeds." The French, however, are cruel only to animals of burden and draught;

they are exceedingly fond and tender of their dogs and cats, monkeys and parrots.

A treaty of commerce has been concluded between France and New Grenada, upon the principle of reciprocity. The *Journal des Débats*, of this day, commends the treaty, the direct trade of France with that republic being now of the value of four millions of francs; and the *Débats* adds: "We must not, in fine, forget that it is on the territory of that state the Isthmus of Panama is to open a new pass for navigation into the seas of Oceania, and that those regions cannot fail to become the centre of a very active commerce. These considerations indicate the importance of the conventions which we have successively formed with Venezuela, the Ecuador, Texas! and New Grenada."

The Jews of Paris make an appeal, through the press, to the good intentions and magnanimity of the Emperor Nicholas in behalf of their oppressed brethren in Russia.

The *National* of this day devotes half of its first page to the impolicy of the French interposition in the Texas case, and to the allegation of the London *Times* that Mr. King and Mr. Calhoun attributed to Louis Philippe and M. Guizot assurances which were never uttered. The *National* expected that the Paris ministerial journals would reprove the *Times* and defend the veracity of the American functionaries. It challenges the London reviler to adduce some proof of the imputation of falsehood. Assuredly, Mr. King neither misunderstood nor misreported either the monarch or his minister.

A translation of General Jackson's will is "going the rounds" of the French press.

The Vienna faculty of physic have instituted a formal inquiry into animal magnetism, with a view to grant or refuse license to practise the art.

For several months past Mount Vesuvius has cast up flames, and occasionally lava; of late it has afforded some new and very curious phenomena of picturesque light.

The private galleries of paintings in this capital are described in a series of *feuilletons* of the "Constitutionnel." There are some rich and rare collections, which few persons see; but, on the whole, London is more fortunate, and her treasures of the kind more accessible.

The London *Sun*, a paper of high pretensions and rank, relates that a body of fifty slaves left *Louisiana* with the intention of fighting their way into Pennsylvania! The same geographical oracle has four or five essays to demonstrate the unsoundness and futility of Mr. Greenhow's American claims to Oregon.—Colburn's *United Service Magazine*, for this month, comprises an article under the title *New Albion, alias "Oregon."* Its purport is a refutation of the American arguments. If Oregon must go by another name, *New Columbia* would answer as well as *New Albion*. Let me offer you a pregnant quotation from the elaborate article:

"Although the river Oregon has long since furnished an outlet for the furs of the Northwestern Company, little has been known or said about this territory in England; many were ignorant even of its name, although at a period perhaps not very distant, it may take a prominent part in the affairs of the world. The opening of the eastern ports of China must already have given it importance, which will be vastly increased, should a

ship canal, or even a railroad, be brought into activity across the Isthmus of Panama. There are other considerations which will present themselves, connected with the vicinity of the Sandwich Islands, and the colonization going on at present in the Polynesian Archipelago by the French. It should be borne in mind that, notwithstanding the vast extent of our colonies, we hold only this single point from Behring's Straits to Cape Horn; and although it may not deserve the name of a military post, it ought to become one.

" Again, let us look at the probable fruits of the Arctic expedition, which has left our shores this season. This mission must have another object in view than merely to solve the geographical problem if America is an island. Its chief design, I presume, will be to ascertain if this passage can be made available for ships or steamers, even for the space of a month or six weeks in the year. Should it ever become practicable, even to that limited space, it would be of the utmost value to have a port or ports on the entrance to the Pacific, that would afford repairs and refreshment after the perilous northwest passage. To these advantages may be added the absolute necessity of having free access to the Pacific for our fur-dealers, as that is the shortest route to their best market. These reasons, taken separately or together, may appear sufficiently cogent to induce our government to take some immediate steps to give the character of possession to this settlement; the appointment of a governor and of one or two magistrates, with the construction of a fort on the right bank of the Oregon or Columbia, to give protection to the traders from the northwest, the boundary lines might then be settled with the less difficulty."

In the same number of the Magazine there is a continuation of the very interesting *Remarks on the Slave-Trade in the Brazils*, by Commander Foote, R. N. He is an intelligent observer and severe censor. I must be permitted to cite a short passage of his remarks :

" It can neither be denied nor concealed that the African slave-trade is carried on by means of English capital. In the financial year ending on the 31st December, 1843, the value of English goods exported from Brazil (in foreign bottoms) to the Portuguese settlements on the coast of Africa amounted to £500,000, and it is well known that there is no return trade whatever, except in African slaves! The consequence is that our own merchants in the Brazils become indirectly interested in the slave-trade. However much their own private feelings may revolt from the horrors of this nefarious traffic, yet the payment of their just debts frequently depends on the success of a few slave vessels."

In the Journal des Débats of the 12th instant there is a column of American statistics derived from the last report of your Commissioner of Patents. Towards the end, it is said that the culture of the mulberry and the raising of the silk-worm have utterly and ruinously failed in the United States. " Let France," it is added, " cease to fear American competition: the Union will be for her an immense market." We may hope that the silk-case is not so forlorn with you. What are the natural obstacles to perseverance and success?

The Paris *Constitutionnel* of the 15th instant has a copious epistle dated Roadsted of Monrovia, 14th January, 1845. It relates to the establishment of the colony of Liberia, and describes Mon-

rovia with disparaging opinions. The writer (probably a naval officer) is, however, enamored of the settlement at Cape Palmas. He admires the work of the American missionaries, and regrets the injudicious management or insufficient means of the French on the whole coast. Many details, besides, of the practices of the natives of the coast, products, trade, and so forth, render this lively communication worthy of American attention.

We have a daily repast of the movements and enjoyments of the Duke de Nemours and his fair duchess, at Bordeaux. They paid a visit to the vast wine-cellars of Monsieur Guestier—the head of the celebrated firm under that name—who was created a peer of France some months since. They were conducted, by torchlight and with all forms of homage, amid his six thousand regularly distributed casks of claret, of all qualities and dates, and they partook of a subterranean banquet, at which specimens of his choicest treasure were loyally served and graciously quaffed. The meeting of the French royal party with the Spanish at Pampeluna is to be forever memorable; reviews, tournaments, bull-fights—all the old and the new Spanish devices and peculiarities of chivalrous and regal hospitality. It may be margined that Narvaez and De la Rosa could trust Isabel and Christina, and themselves, in the Basque provinces, which, for six years, warred fanatically in behalf of Don Carlos against the mother and daughter, while the British ministry could not venture their queen in Ireland. Scotland, France, Germany—any *terra firma* other than the Emerald Isle! I should have mentioned above that eight hundred wax-tapers were lighted in Mr. Guestier's vaults on the visit of the Duke of Nemours; that their contents are estimated at four millions of francs; that the processes of preparing the best wines for consumption were shown; and that one of the flasks had the inscription 1753. The dock-vaults in London are still more curios and attractive.

The chapters sent to England, of the stages and *treats* of Queen Victoria on the continent, possess considerable interest for readers acquainted, like myself, with the localities and the characters. Our paper *le Commerce* argues, at length, that the concourse of crowned heads, grand dukes, and cabinet statesmen, must be a political assignation; tariffs, conventions, alliances, bargains, are at the bottom.—*La Presse*, of this day, asserts that, notwithstanding the manœuvres, blandishments, and seducements of the British tacticians, the confidences of the Zoll-Verein at Carlruhe will result in an increase of duties detrimental chiefly to Great Britain. The same paper, reporting the news by the Cunard steamer, observes that it would be difficult to find a case of frustration (check) so complete as that of the British and French cabinets and their envoys, in the question of Texas.

About three thousand carpenters have gone back to their business by compromise with the builders. The strike is at an end in other parts of France.

The poet and peer, Victor Hugo, was lately caught in adultery with the wife of an eminent portrait-painter, Mr. Biard. He pleaded his privilege, as a peer, from arrest; the woman was sent to prison. Hugo escaped, to travel until the affair should be forgotten. On the 15th instant the husband's demand of a separation was brought forward in court, and granted; sentence

of imprisonment for three months in a house of correction followed for Madame Biard; the children were assigned to the husband, the wife, however, to be permitted to see them twice a month, and to have an alimony of twelve hundred francs per annum. The *National* complained in the outset that the guilty peer went scot-free, and will escape in the end with impunity. A year or two ago the poet lost a daughter, and acted and published the most *virtuous* sentimentalities. In the course of the last session of the peers, he declined the *chairmanship* of an important committee, alleging that chagrin for the loss of his *mother-in-law* disabled him from composing a proper report. You are aware that most, the principal, of Victor Hugo's works are licentious. We must never confide or believe in the practical morality of man or woman whose pen or tongue is immoral. Hugo has a solemn tread and demure air; I have remarked, also, the plainness of his dress: his countenance has never pleased me. Last winter, at a soireé of Mr. Guizot, he fixed my attention for some time while he was engaged in conversation with his brother peer de Segur, author of the History of Napoleon's Russian Campaigns, and the contrast, to the advantage of the soldier, in mien and whole deportment, struck me with force.

The *soi-disant* Duke of Normandy, who resembled Louis 16th remarkably, and who really thought himself the Dauphin, died on the 10th instant, at Delft, in Holland, at the age of sixty. Others—perhaps not dupes—supplied him with money for his personation: at different times, he commanded large sums; the London police offices and the courts became, in the end, quite familiar with the domestic affairs and singular pranks of his royal highness. You have enclosed printed accounts of the sanguinary tumults at Leipsic, provoked by religious fanaticism. Our legitimist oracles affirm that radical and philosophical politics—university propaganda—are principal stimulants.

PARIS, August 10, 1845.

Some of the French departments propose the establishment of a corps of *agricultural engineers*, to be educated specially in the way of the engineers for the mines. They would be afterwards distributed throughout France for the superintendence or aid of improvements in tillage and husbandry.

Lucien Bonaparte's Narrative of the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, recently published by his family, is much criticised in the journals. There are striking contradictions between this narrative and Napoleon's account of the same event, in the Memoirs dictated at St. Helena.

Last week was concluded, at our Court of Assizes, the trial of a band of thirty—men, women, and boys—associated for as hideous and disgusting profligacy as human nature can perpetrate. Combinations of thieves and burglars, more or less numerous each, have been likewise under trial and sentence. Men and females of respectable exterior and in respectable spheres of life often form part of the very worst of these associations for debauchery and rapine.

The *Courrier Français* reports from official documents that the agricultural population (European) of all Algeria does not amount to seven thousand souls; that the colony is far from raising enough for its subsistence; that in 1844 an importation from abroad of 700,000 hectolitres of grain

and of more than thirty-five millions pounds of flour was necessary; that, in the event of a maritime war, the colony and troops would be starved; that Marshal Bugeaud has expended in the five years past five hundred millions of francs, and that the *effective* of his armies has never been less than eighty thousand men.

The central official committee on steam engines appointed the chief engineer of the mines to pursue experiments for determining a mode of obviating or curing the smoke of boilers and engines. It is stated in the *Moniteur* that he has entirely succeeded. The operation was on Belgian coal, which emits the most smoke. The smoke is consumed (burnt) by means of the abundant introduction of air. Hereafter steam factories will not be uncomfortable neighbors; the black and thick smoke gives place to a light and whitish vapor. London may rejoice.

Versailles is now the rendezvous of many hundreds of the present year's contingent of conscripts. These groups have always fixed my attention, so many of them seeming mere boys—all raw, rustic, or clownish in the extreme degree. The condition of the peasantry and the classes on whom the conscription chiefly preys, in this department of Seine and Oise, is far better than that of a number of the other departments. Yet I have, within the fortnight past, seen files of conscripts—a hundred and fifty or more together—arriving in their crude state, whose attire, gait, whole aspect and march, were at least as wretched as those of any gang of negroes whom I ever beheld under any circumstances in the United States; and I was sufficiently familiar with six of the slave States. In a singularly short time these levies are wonderfully metamorphosed; their first changes of person and dress, and their drilling, serve to amuse infinitely the older soldiers of this large garrison. The recruit becomes in his first twelvemonth easy in his uniform and exercises, and quite a spruce military beau, laughs in his turn at the clothoppers and tatterdemalions of the next year.

According to letters from Brazil, the district granted in the province of St. Catharine as a dowry to the Princess of Joinville is about to be cultivated and rendered richly productive, by *free* laborers engaged for the purpose. Forests and precious mines are to be turned to account; dock-yards formed; rice, coffee, sugar to abound; and it is to be seen what free labor can effect on the borders of two tropical slave regions. *Nous verrons.*

Last week a manufacturer of enamel was arraigned in Paris at the Court of Assizes for an attempt to poison two rivals in trade. A distinguished manufacturer of chemical products appeared as a witness to his general character. The attorney general said to the witness: "You took pains to marry the accused—to provide him with a good match. You must have known that for two years he kept under his roof as a concubine a married woman, who has been succeeded by his servant woman in the same relation." "Certainly," answered the witness, "but those are peccadilloes common with bachelors: once married, they quit the last courses of youth, and lead another kind of life." This view of matters was thought quite reasonable. The enamelist was acquitted, after five hours' deliberation, by the jury: some circumstances raised a strong presumption of his guilt. A number of his relatives and intimates rushed forward to embrace him, and the servant woman, "Miss Catherine," his acknowledged mistress of

the day, instantly sealed the benches and hugged her master and lover, "avec effusion." No scandal seemed to be taken on any side. Such incidents exemplify or illustrate morals and manners.

#### DISSOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

In the bickerings between Great Britain and the United States, Jonathan is not to have all the absurdity to himself: patriotic individuals on this side of the water are bent upon showing that some Englishmen can be as absurd as any American. A very enlightened and philanthropic body, the Glasgow Emancipation Society, at their last meeting unanimously resolved, "That it is the duty of the friends of liberty and equal rights in Great Britain to combine, and, by Christian, peaceful, and bloodless means, to seek the dissolution of the American Union, as the gigantic enemy of freedom and the rights of man."

Here is a resolution which will in America be manna to every Hunter's Lodge, every knot of Sympathizers, every gang of Repealers, every clamorer for the annexation of Canada—to all in the Union who hunger for a war with England. If the people of England could adopt or act upon this suggestion, they would violate the first principles of international ethics, and render a stable peace impossible. The plain English of the resolution is, that it is the duty of British subjects to *combine* to effect a *revolution* in the United States. The flourish about "Christian," "peaceful" and "bloodless means," is mere verbiage: "revolutions are not made with rose-water." Something worse than war against America is denounced in the resolution—the establishment of a propaganda in this country to disseminate among American citizens disaffection and disloyalty to their own government. Who could blame a citizen of the Union for taking fire on reading the resolution! Fancy a missionary board established in the United States to republicanize our own country!

Perhaps it is going too far to claim this piece of absurdity as of domestic manufacture. The Emancipation Society, by unanimously adopting, made it in one sense their own; but the honor of framing and offering it to the meeting is claimed by an American citizen! Mr. Henry C. Wright, "of Philadelphia," has established his title to the authorship, in a letter to the *Glasgow Argus*; admitting that it may be said he acts "the part of a traitor to his country," but adding, "my moral obligations are not bounded by time or place."

**IRISH COLLEGES.**—The Dublin correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* thus announces the settled establishment of the first of the new provincial colleges.

"The government, I understand, have finally determined upon establishing one of the provincial colleges at Cork. Dr. Bullen, the secretary of the local committee at Cork, has arrived in town, and had an interview with Sir Thomas Fremantle, at Dublin Castle, this day. There is every expectation that one of the most extensive and varied private collections of books in the United Kingdom will be given, as an endowment, to the new college at Cork. This library is the result of thirty years' collection by Dr. Murphy, Roman Catholic bishop of Cork, at an immense expenditure, chiefly

out of his private fortune. At the meeting of the committee, in Cork, on Saturday, Dr. Bullen made the following statement:—Through all his proceedings he (Dr. Bullen) had consulted as a private friend with the Right Reverend Dr. Murphy; and he had been given to understand by him that he intended to devote his immense library of 130,000 volumes to the benefit of the public. Now it so happened, that in the colleges bill a clause had been framed giving permission to private individuals to make donations of such libraries to the colleges. He need not tell the meeting that such a library as that of Dr. Murphy would be an immense acquisition to the college."

The *Armagh Guardian* states that Archbishop Crolly has subscribed 1,000*l.* towards founding a divinity chair in the Ulster College.

The correspondent of the *Times* warns Mr. O'Connell that he is losing ground in his opposition to the new colleges.

#### FROGS IN STONES.

We have several apparently well-authenticated instances on record of frogs and toads having been found enclosed in masses of rock, to the interior of which there was no perceptible means of ingress. It has been the fashion, however, with naturalists to dismiss all such cases on the assumption that there must have been some cleft or opening by which the animal was admitted while in embryo, or while in a very young state; no one, as far as we are aware, believing that the sperm or young animal may have been enclosed when the rock was in the process of formation at the bottom of shallow waters. Whatever may be the true theory regarding animals so enclosed, their history is certainly one of the highest interest; and without attempting to solve the problem, we present our readers with an instance taken from the *Mining Journal* of January 18, 1845:—"A few days since, as a miner, named W. Ellis, was working in the Penydarran Mine Works, at forty-five feet depth, he struck his mandril into a piece of shale, and to the surprise of the workmen, a frog leaped out of the cleft. When first observed, it appeared very weak, and, though of large size, could crawl only with difficulty. On closer examination, several peculiarities were observed; its eyes were full-sized, though it could not see, and does not now see, as, upon touching the eye, it evinces no feeling. There is a line indicating where the mouth would have been, had it not been confined; but the mouth has never been opened. Several deformities were also observable; and the spine, which has been forced to develop itself in angular form, appears a sufficient proof of its having grown in very confined space, even if the hollow in the piece of shale, by corresponding to the shape of the back, did not place the matter beyond a reasonable doubt. The frog continues to increase in size and weight, though no food can be given to it; and its vitality is preserved only by breathing through the thin skin covering the lower jaw. Mr. W. Ellis, with a view of giving his prize as much publicity as possible, has deposited it at the New Inn, Merthyr, where it is exhibited as "the greatest wonder in the world—a frog found in a stone forty-five feet from the surface of the earth, where it has been living without food for the last 5000 years!"—*Chambers*.

[The sketch of the juridical and personal character of Judge Story which we have copied from the Boston Daily Advertiser, was written by his pupil and intimate friend, Mr. Charles Sumner, of the Boston Bar.]

#### THE FUNERAL OF MR. JUSTICE STORY.

I HAVE just returned from the last sad ceremony of the interment of this great and good man. Under that roof, where I have so often seen him in health, buoyant with life, exuberant in kindness, happy in his family and friends, I gazed upon his mortal remains, sunk to eternal rest, and hung over those features, to which my regards had been turned so fondly, from which even the icy touch of death had not effaced all the living beauty. The eye was quenched, and the glow of life was extinguished; but the noble brow seemed still to shelter, as under a marble dome, the spirit that had fled. And is he, indeed, dead, I asked myself;—he whose face was never turned to me except in kindness, who has filled the world with his glory, who has drawn to his country the homage of foreign nations, who was of activity and labor that knew no rest, who was connected by duties of such various kinds, by official ties, by sympathy, friendship and love, with so many circles, who, according to the beautiful expression of Wilberforce, "touched life at so many points"—has he, indeed, passed away? Upon the small plate on the coffin was inscribed, "Joseph Story, died Sept. 10th, 1845, aged 66 years." These few words might apply to the lowly citizen, as to the illustrious judge. Thus is the coffin-plate a register of the equality of man, when he has laid aside the brief distinctions of life.

At the house of the deceased we joined in religious worship. The Rev. Dr. Walker, the present head of the University, in earnest prayer, commended the soul of the departed to God who gave it, and invoked a consecration of their afflictive bereavement to his family and friends. From the house we followed the body, in mournful procession, to the resting-place, which he had selected for himself and his family, amidst the beautiful groves of Mount Auburn. As the procession filed into the cemetery I was touched by the sight of the numerous pupils of the Law School, with countenances of sorrow, ranged with uncovered heads on each side of the road within the gate, testifying by this silent and unexpected homage their last respects to what is mortal in their departed teacher. Around the grave, as he was laid in the embrace of the mother-earth, was gathered all in our community that is most distinguished in law, in learning, in literature, in station, the judges of our courts, the professors of the University, surviving class-mates of the deceased, and a thick cluster of friends. He was placed among the children, who had been taken from him early in life, whose faces he is now beholding in heaven. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven" are the words which he has inscribed over their names on the simple marble which now commemorates alike the children and their father. Nor is there a child in heaven, of a more child-like innocence and purity, than he, who, full of years and worldly honors, has gone to mingle with these children. Of such, indeed, is the Kingdom of Heaven.

There is another sentence inscribed by him on this family stone, which speaks to us now with a

voice of consolation. "Sorrow not as those without hope" are the words which brought a solace to him in his bereavement. From his bed beneath he seems to whisper them among his mourning family and friends; most especially to her, the chosen partner of his life, from whom so much of human comfort is apparently removed. He is indeed gone; but we shall see him once more forever. In this blessed confidence, we may find happiness in dwelling on his virtues and fame on earth, till the great consoler Time shall come with healing on his wings.

From the grave of the judge, I walked a few short steps to that of his classmate and friend, the beloved Channing, who died less than three years ago, aged 63. Thus these companions in early studies, each in after life foremost in the high and important duties which he had assumed, pursuing divergent paths, yet always drawn towards each other by the attractions of mutual friendship, again meet, and lie down together in the same sweet earth, in the shadow of kindred trees, through which the same birds shall sing their perpetual requiem.

The afternoon was of unusual brilliancy, and the full-orbed sun gilded with mellow light the funeral stones through which I wound my way, as I sought the grave of another friend of my own, the first associate of the departed Judge in the duties of the Law School, Professor Ashmun. After a life crowded with usefulness, he laid down the burthen of ill health which he had long borne, at the early age of 33. I remember listening to the flowing discourse which Mr. Justice Story pronounced over the remains of his associate in the college chapel in 1833; nor can I forget his deep emotion, as we stood together at the foot of the grave, while the earth fell, dust to dust, upon the coffin of his friend.

Wandering through this silent city of the dead, I called to mind those words of Beaumont on the tombs in Westminster:

Here's an acre sown indeed,  
With the richest, royall'st seed  
That the earth did e'er suck in,  
Since the first man died from sin.  
Here are sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.

The royalty of Mount Auburn is of the soul. The kings that slumber there were anointed by a higher than earthly hand.

Returning again to the grave of the departed judge, I found no one there but the humble laborers, who were then smoothing the sod over the fresh earth. It was late in the afternoon; and the upper branches of the stately trees, that wave over the sacred spot, after glowing for a while with the golden rays of the setting sun, were left in the same gloom which had already settled on the grass beneath. I hurried away, and as I reached the gate, the porter's curfew was tolling, to forgetful musers, like myself, the knell of parting day.

As I left this consecrated spot, I thought of the pilgrims that would come from afar, through long successions of generations, to look upon the last home of the great jurist. From all parts of our own country, from all the lands where law is taught as a science, and where justice prevails, they shall come to seek the grave of their master. Let us guard, then, this precious dust. Let us be happy that, though his works and his example belong to the world, his sacred remains are placed

in our peculiar care. Be to us, also, who saw him face to face in the performance of all his various duties, and who sustain a loss so irreparable in our own circle, the melancholy pleasure of dwelling with household affection upon his transcendent excellences.

His death makes a chasm which I shrink from contemplating. He was the senior judge of the highest court of the country, an active professor of law, and a Fellow in the Corporation of Harvard University. He was in himself a whole triumvirate; and these three distinguished posts, now vacant, will be filled, in all probability, each by a distinct successor. It is, however, as the exalted jurist, that he is to take his place in the history of the world, high in the same firmament from whence beam the mild glories of Tribonian, of Cajucus, of Hale and of Mansfield. It was his fortune, unlike many of those who have cultivated the law with signal success on the European continent, to be called upon as a judge practically to administer and apply it in the actual business of life. It thus became to him not merely a science, whose depths and intricacies he explored in his closet, but a great and god-like instrument, to be employed in that highest of earthly functions, the determination of justice among men. While the duties of the magistrate were thus illuminated by the studies of the jurist, the latter were tempered to a finer edge by the experience of the bench.

In attempting any fitting estimate of his character as a jurist, he should be regarded in three different aspects, as a judge, an author, and a teacher of jurisprudence, exercising in each of these characters a peculiar influence. His lot is rare who achieves fame in a single department of human action; rarer still is his who becomes foremost in many. The first impression is one of astonishment that a single mind, in a single life, should be able to accomplish so much. Independent of the incalculable labors, of which there is no trace, except in the knowledge, happiness and justice which they helped to secure, the bare amount of his written and printed labors is enormous beyond all precedent in the annals of the common law. His written judgments on his own circuit, and his various commentaries, occupy twenty-seven volumes, while his judgments in the Supreme Court of the United States form an important part of no less than thirty-four volumes more. The vast juridical labors of Coke and of Eldon, which seem to clothe the walls of our libraries, must yield in extent to his. He is the Lope de Vega, or the Walter Scott of the common law.

We are struck next by the universality of his juridical attainments. It was said by Dryden of one of the greatest lawyers in English history, Heneage Finch,

Our law that did a boundless ocean seem  
Were coasted all and fathomed all by him.

But the boundless ocean of that age was a *mare clausum* compared with that on which the adventurer embarks in our day. We read in Howell's Familiar Letters, that it had been said only a few short years before the period of Finch, that the books of the common law might all be carried in a wheelbarrow! To coast such an ocean were a less task than a moiety of his labors whom we now mourn. Called upon to administer all the different branches of law, which are kept separate in England, he showed a perfect mastery of all.

His was universal empire; and wherever he set his foot, in the wide and various realms of jurisprudence, it was as a sovereign; whether in the ancient and subtle learning of real law, in the criminal law, in the niceties of special pleading, in the more refined doctrines of contracts, in the more rational systems of the commercial and maritime law, in the peculiar and interesting principles and practice of courts of Admiralty and Prize, in the immense range of Chancery, in the modern but most important jurisdiction over patents, or in that most exalted region, the great themes of Public and Constitutional Law. There are judgments by him in each of these branches which will not yield in value to those of any other judge, in England or the United States, even though his studies and duties may have been directed to only one particular department.

His judgments are remarkable for their exhaustive treatment of the subjects to which they relate. The common law, as is known to his cost by every student, is to be found only in innumerable "sand-grains" of authorities. Not one of these is overlooked in these learned judgments, while all are combined with care, and the golden cord of reason is woven across the ample tissue. Besides, there is in them a clearness which flings over the subject a perfect day, a severe logic, which, by its closeness and precision, makes us feel the truth of the saying of Leibnitz, that nothing approached so near the certainty of geometry, as the reasoning of the law; a careful attention to the discussions at the bar, that the court may not appear to neglect any of the considerations urged; and a copious and persuasive eloquence which gilds the whole. Many of his judgments will be landmarks in the law; they will be columns, like those of Hercules, which shall mark the progress in jurisprudence of our age. I know of no single judge, who has established so many. I think it may be said, without fear of question, that the Reports show a larger number of judicial opinions from Mr. Justice Story, which posterity will not willingly let die than from any other judge in the history of English and American law.

But there is much of his character as a judge, which cannot be preserved, except in the faithful memories and records of those, whose happiness it was to enjoy his judicial presence. I refer particularly to his mode of conducting business. Even the passing stranger bears witness to his suavity of manner on the bench, while all the practitioners in the courts, over which he presided so long, attest the marvellous quickness with which he habitually seized the points of a case, often anticipating the slower movements of the counsel, and leaping, or I might almost say, flying to the conclusions sought to be established. Napoleon's perception in military tactics was not more rapid. All will attest the scrupulous care with which he assigned reasons for every portion of his opinions, showing that it was not *he*, who spoke with the voice of authority, but the *law*, whose organ he was. And all will reverence the conscientious devotion and self-sacrifice which he brought to the performance of his responsible duties.

In the history of the English bench, there are but two names with combined eminence as a judge and as an *author*; Coke and Hale; unless, indeed, the Orders in Chancery from the Verulamian pen should entitle Lord Bacon to this distinction, and the judgments of Lord Brougham should vindicate the same for him. Blackstone's character as a

judge is lost in the fame of the Commentaries. To Mr. Justice Story belongs this double glory. Early in life he compiled an important professional work; but it was only at a comparatively recent period, after his mind had been disciplined by the labors of the bench, that he prepared those elaborate commentaries, which have made his name a familiar word in foreign countries. Those, who knew him best, observed the lively interest which he took in this extension of his well-earned renown; and well he might; for the voice of distant foreign nations seems to come as from a living posterity. His works have been reviewed with praise in the journals of England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Germany. They have been cited as authorities in all the courts of Westminster Hall; and one of the ablest and most learned lawyers of the age, whose honorable career at the bar has conducted him to the peerage, Lord Campbell, in the course of debate in the house of lords, characterized their author as "the first of living writers on the law."

To complete this hasty survey of his character as a jurist, I should allude to his excellences as a teacher of law, that other relation which he sustained to jurisprudence. The numerous pupils, reared at his feet, and now scattered throughout the whole country, diffusing each in his circle the light which he obtained at Cambridge, as they hear that their great master has fallen, will feel that they individually have lost a friend. He had the faculty, which is rare as it is exquisite, of interesting the young, and winning their affections. I have often seen him surrounded by a group, the ancient Romans would have aptly called it a *corona* of youths, all intent upon his earnest conversation, and freely interrogating him on any matters of doubt. In his lectures, and other forms of instruction, he was prodigal of explanation and illustration; his manner, according to the classical image of Zeno, was like the open palm; never like the closed hand. His learning is always overflowing as from the horn of abundance. He was earnest and unrelaxing in his efforts, patient and gentle, while he listened with inspiring attention to all that the pupil said. Like Chaucer's Clerk,

" And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

Above all, he was a living example of a love for the law—supposed by many to be unlovable and repulsive—which seemed to burn brighter under the snows of advancing years; and such an example could not fail to touch with magnetic power the hearts of the young. Nor should I forget the lofty standard of professional morals which he inculcated, filling his discourse with the charm of goodness. Under such auspices, and those of his learned associate, Professor Greenleaf, large classes of students of law, larger than any in England or America, have been annually gathered in Cambridge. The Law School is the golden mistletoe ingrafted on the ancient oak of the University;

Talis erat species auri frondentis opaca  
Ilice.

The deceased was proud of his character as a professor. In his earlier works he is called on the title-page, "Dane Professor of Law." It was only on the suggestion of the English publisher, that he was prevailed upon to append the other title, "Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States." He looked forward with peculiar delight to the time, which seemed at hand, when he should

lay down the honors and cares of the bench, and devote himself singly to the duties of his chair.

I have merely glanced at his character in his three different relation to jurisprudence. Great in each of these, it is on this unprecedented combination that his peculiar fame will be reared, as upon an immortal tripod. In what I have written, I do not think that I am biased by the partialities of private friendship. I have endeavored to regard him, as posterity will regard him, as all must regard him now, who know him only in his various works. Imagine for one moment the irreparable loss, if all that he has done were blotted out forever. When I think of the incalculable facilities which are afforded by his labors, I cannot but say with Racine, when speaking of Descartes: *Nous courrons; mais, sans lui, nous ne marcherions pas.* Besides, it is he who has inspired in many foreign bosoms, reluctant to perceive aught that is good in our country, a sincere homage to the American name. He has turned the stream of the law reflux upon the ancient fountains of Westminster Hall, and stranger still, he has forced the waters above their sources, up the unaccustomed heights of countries, alien to the common law. It is he, also, who has directed, from the copious well-springs of the Roman law, and from the fresher fountains of the modern Continental law, a pure and grateful stream to enrich and fertilize our domestic jurisprudence. In his judgments, in his books, and in his teachings, on all occasions, he sought to illustrate the doctrines of the common law by the lights of kindred systems.

The mind naturally seeks to compare him with other great jurists, servants of Themis, who share with him the wide spaces of fame. In genius for the law, in the exceeding usefulness of his career, in the blended character of judge and author, he cannot yield to our great Master Lord Coke; in suavity of manner and in silver-tongued eloquence he may compare with Lord Mansfield, while in depth, accuracy and variety of judicial learning he surpassed him far; if he yields to Lord Stowell in elegance of diction, he excels even his excellence in the curious exploration of the foundations of that jurisdiction which they administered in common and in the development of those great principles of public law, whose just determination helps to preserve the peace of nations; and even in the peculiar field illustrated by the long career of Eldon, we find him a familiar worker, with Eldon's profusion of learning, and without the perplexities of his doubts. There are many who regard the judicial character of the late Chief Justice Marshal as at an unapproachable height. I revere his name and have ever read his judgments, which seem like "pure reason," with admiration and gratitude; but I cannot disguise that even these noble memorials must yield in high judicial character, in learning, in acuteness, in the variety of topics which they concern, in fervor, as they are far inferior in amount, to those of our friend. There is still spared to us a renowned judge, at this moment the unquestioned living head of American jurisprudence, with no rival near the throne, whose character is as pure as his fame is exalted, Mr. Chancellor Kent, whose judgments and whose works always inspired the warmest eulogies of the departed, and whose fame as a jurist furnishes the fittest parallel to his own in the annals of our law.

It were idle, perhaps, to weave further these

vain comparisons, particularly to invoke the living. But busy fancy recalls the past, and persons and scenes renew themselves in my memory. I call to mind the recent chancellor of England, the model of a clear, grave and conscientious judge, Lord Cottenham—I call to mind the ornaments of Westminster Hall, both on the bench and at the bar, where sits Denman, in manner, in conduct and character “every inch” the judge; where pleaded only a few short months ago the consummate lawyer Follet, whose voice is now hushed in the grave—their judgments, their arguments I cannot forget; but Story was a greater judge than Denman, a more consummate lawyer than Follet, a master of more various learning than Cottenham.

It has been my fortune to see or to know the chief jurists of our times, in the classical countries of jurisprudence, France and Germany. I remember well the pointed and effective manner and style of Dupin in the delivery of one of his masterly opinions in the highest court of France; I recall the pleasant converse of Pardessus, to whom commercial and maritime law is under a larger debt, perhaps, than to any other mind, while he descended on his favorite theme. I wander in fancy to the gentle presence of him with flowing silver locks, who was so dear to Germany, Thibaut, the expounder of the Roman law, and the earnest and successful advocate of a just scheme for the reduction of the unwritten law to the certainty of a written text. From Heidelberg I fly to Berlin, where I listen to the grave lecture, and mingle in the social circle of Savigny, so stately in person and peculiar in countenance, whom all the continent of Europe delights to honor; but my heart and my judgment, untraveled, fondly turn with new love and admiration to my Cambridge teacher and friend. Jurisprudence has many arrows in her golden quiver, but where is one to compare with that which is now spent in the earth!

The fame of the jurist is enhanced by the various attainments which were superinduced upon his learning in the law. His “Miscellaneous Writings” show a thoughtful mind, imbued with elegant literature, glowing with kindly sentiments, commanding a style of rich and varied eloquence. There are many passages from these which have become the common-places of our schools. In early life he yielded to the fascinations of the poetic muse; and here the great lawyer may find companionship with Selden, who is introduced by Suckling into his *Sesson of Poets*, as “close by the chair,” with Blackstone, whose *Farewell to the Muse* shows his fondness for poetic pastures, even while his eye was directed to the heights of the law, and also with Mansfield, of whom Pope has lamented in familiar words,

“How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!”

I have now before me, in his own hand-writing, some verses which were written in 1833, entitled “Advice to a Young Lawyer.” As they cannot fail to be read with interest, I introduce them here.

“Whene’er you speak, remember every cause  
Stands not on eloquence, but stands on laws—  
Pregnant in matter, in expression brief,  
Let every sentence stand with bold relief;  
On trifling points nor time nor talents waste,

A sad offence to learning and to taste;  
Nor deal with pompous phrase; nor e’er suppose  
Poetic flights belong to reasoning prose.  
Loose declamation may deceive the crowd,  
And seem more striking, as it grows more loud;  
But sober sense rejects it with disdain,  
As nought but empty noise, and weak, as vain.  
The froth of words, the schoolboy’s vain parade  
Of books and cases—all his stock in trade—  
The pert conceits, the cunning tricks and play  
Of low attorneys, strung in long array,  
The unseemly jest, the petulant reply,  
That chatters on, and cares not how or why,  
Studiose avoid—unworthy themes to scan,  
They sink the speaker, and disgrace the man.  
Like the false lights, by flying shadows east,  
Scarce seen when present, and forgot, when past.

Begin with dignity; expound with grace  
Each ground of reasoning in its time and place;  
Let order reign throughout—each topic touch,  
Nor urge its power too little, or too much,  
Give each strong thought its most attractive  
view,

In diction clear, and yet severely true.  
And, as the arguments in splendor grow,  
Let each reflect its light on all below.  
When to the close arrived, make no delays  
By petty flourishes, or verbal plays,  
But sum the whole in one deep solemn strain,  
Like a strong current hastening to the main.”

But the jurist, rich with the spoils of time, the exalted magistrate, the orator, the writer, all vanish when I think of the friend. Much as the world may admire his memory, all who knew him shall love it more. Who can forget his bounding step, his contagious laugh, his exhilarating voice, his beaming smile, his countenance that shone like a benediction! What pen can describe these—what artist can preserve them on canvass or in marble! He was always the friend of the young, who never tired in listening to his flowing and mellifluous discourse. Nor did they ever leave his presence without feeling a warmer glow of virtue, a more inspiring love of knowledge and truth, more generous impulses of action. I first knew him while I was in college, and remember freshly, as if the words were of yesterday, the eloquence and animation, with which, at that time, in a youthful circle, he enforced the beautiful truth, that no man stands in the way of another. The world was wide enough for all, he said, and no success, which may crown our neighbor, can affect our own career. It was in this spirit that he run his own race on earth, without jealousy, without envy; nay more, overflowing with appreciation and praise of labors which compare humbly with his own. In conversation, he dwelt with warmth upon all the topics which interest man; not only upon law, but upon literature, upon history, upon the characters of men, upon the affairs of every day; above all, upon the great duties of life, the relations of men to each other, to their country, to God. High in his mind, above all human opinions and practices, were the everlasting rules of *Right*; nor did he ever rise to a truer eloquence than when condemning, as I have more than once heard him recently, that evil sentiment—“Our country, be she right or wrong”—which, in whatsoever form of language it may disguise itself, assails the very foundations of justice and virtue.

He has been happy in his life; happy also in

his death. It was his hope, expressed in health, that he should not be allowed to linger superfluous on the stage, nor waste under the slow progress of disease. He was always ready to meet his God. His wishes were answered. Two days before his last illness he delivered in court a masterly judgment on a complicated case in equity. Since his death, another judgment, in a case that had been argued before him, has been found among his papers ready to be pronounced.

I saw him for a moment only on the evening preceding his illness. It was an accidental meeting away from his own house—the last time that the open air of heaven fanned his cheeks. His words of familiar, household greeting, on that occasion, still linger in my ears, like an enchanted melody. The morning sun saw him on the bed from which he never rose again. Thus closed, after an illness of eight days, in the bosom of his family, without pain, surrounded by friends, a life, which, through various vicissitudes of disease, had been spared beyond the grand climacteric, that cape of storms in the sea of human existence ;

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,  
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.

He is gone, and we shall see him no more on earth, except in his works, and in the memory of his virtues. The scales of justice, which he had held so long, have fallen from his hands. The untiring pen of the author rests at last. The voice of the teacher is mute. The fountain, which was ever flowing and ever full, is now stopped. The lips, on which the bees of Hybla might have rested, have ceased to distil the honeyed sweets of kindness. The body, warm with all the affections of life, with love for family, and friends, for truth and virtue, is now cold in death. The justice of nations is eclipsed ; the life of the law is suspended. But let us listen to the words, which, though dead, he utters from the grave : " Sorrow not as those without hope." The righteous judge, the wise teacher, the faithful friend, the loving father, has ascended to his Judge, his Teacher, his Friend, his Father in Heaven. C. S.

From the Louisville Journal.

#### MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

ALL day, as day is reckoned on the earth, I've wandered in these dim and awful aisles, Shut from the blue and breezy dome of heaven, While thoughts, wild, drear, and shadowy, have swept

Across my awe-struck soul, like spectres o'er The wizard's magic glass, or thunder clouds O'er the blue waters of the deep. And now I'll sit me down upon yon broken rock, To muse upon the strange and solemn things Of this mysterious realm.

All day my steps Have been amid the beautiful, the wild, The gloomy, the terrific. Crystal founts, Almost invisible in their serene And pure transparency—high, pillar'd domes With stars and flowers all fretted like the halls Of Oriental monarchs—rivers dark And drear and voiceless as oblivion's stream, That flows through Death's dim vale of silence—All fathomless, down which the loosened rock Plunges until its far-off echoes come

Fainter and fainter like the dying roll  
Of thunders in the distance—Stygian pools  
Whose agitated waves give back a sound  
Hollow and dismal, like the sullen roar  
In the volcano's depths—these, these have left  
Their spell upon me, and their memories  
Have passed into my spirit, and are now  
Bent with my being till they seem a part  
Of my own immortality.

God's hand,

At the creation, hollowed out this vast  
Domain of darkness, where nor herb nor flower  
E'er sprang amid the sands, nor dews nor rains  
Nor blessed sunbeams fell with freshening power,  
Nor gentle breeze its Eden-message told  
Amid the dreadful gloom. Six thousand years  
Swept o'er the earth ere human foot-prints marked  
This subterranean desert. Centuries  
Like shadows came and passed, and not a sound  
Was in this realm, save when at intervals,  
In the long lapse of ages, some huge mass  
Of overhanging rock fell thundering down.  
Its echoes sounding through these corridors  
A moment, and then dying in a hush  
Of silence such as brooded o'er the earth  
When earth was chaos. The great mastodon,  
The dreaded monster of the elder world,  
Passed o'er this mighty cavern, and his tread  
Bent the old forest oaks like fragile reeds,  
And made earth tremble.—Armies in their pride  
Perchance have met above it in the shock  
Of war, with shout and groan and clarion blast,  
And the hoarse echoes of the thunder gun ;  
The storm, the whirlwind and the hurricane  
Have roared above it, and the bursting cloud  
Sent down its red and crashing thunder-bolt ;  
Earthquakes have trampled o'er it in their wrath,  
Rocking earth's surface as the storm-wind rocks  
The old Atlantic ;—yet no sound of these  
E'er came down to the everlasting depths  
Of these dark solitudes.

How oft we gaze

With awe or admiration on the new  
And unfamiliar, but pass coldly by  
The lovelier and the mightier ! Wonderful  
Is this lone world of darkness and of gloom,  
But far more wonderful yon outer world  
Lit by the glorious sun. These arches swell  
Sublime in lone and dim magnificence.  
But how sublimer God's blue canopy  
Beleaguered with his burning cherubim  
Keeping their watch eternal ! Beautiful  
Are all the thousand snow-white gems that lie  
In these mysterious chambers gleaming out  
Amid the melancholy gloom—and wild  
These rocky hills and cliffs, and gulfs—but far  
More beautiful and wild the things that greet  
The wanderer in our world of light—the stars  
Floating on high like islands of the blest—  
The autumn sunsets glowing like the gate  
Of far-off Paradise—the gorgeous clouds  
On which the glories of the earth and sky  
Meet and commingle—earth's unnumbered flowers  
All turning up their gentle eyes to heaven—  
The birds, with bright wings glancing in the sun,  
Filling the air with rainbow miniatures—  
The green old forests surging in the gale—  
The everlasting mountains on whose peaks  
The setting sun burns like an altar-flame—  
And ocean, like a pure heart rendering back  
Heaven's perfect image, or in his wild wrath  
Heaving and tossing like the stormy breast  
Of a chained giant in his agony.

From the Times.

#### RAILWAYS AND THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

We may see by what the railway has done, what may be done, what must be done, and what undoubtedly will be done. With little more risk to the two or three individuals employed than what is now daily incurred by thousands of women on their way to market, and with no greater expense than a few bushels of coke, and the wear and tear of a few iron rods and bars, England has now, in all human probability, been twice traversed almost from north to south within eighteen hours, two or three of which were spent in the metropolis. Consider what this implies. From the southern coast to Edinburgh and back is become the easy work of twenty-four hours. From the Land's-end to John O'Groats's house is brought within the same compass. The whole of this island is now, to all intents and purposes, as near the metropolis as Sussex or Buckinghamshire were two centuries ago. The midland counties are a mere suburb. With the space and resources of an empire we enjoy the compactness of a city. Our roads are contracted into streets, our hills and dales into municipal parks, and our thousand leagues of coast into the brief circumference of a castle wall. Nineveh, it is said, was three days' journey across. Great Britain is one in its longest dimension. For questions of distance we are as mere a spot as Malta or St. Helena, as one of the Channel Islands, or as any one of those minute though famous insular states in the ancient *Aegean*. One peaceful circumvallation includes the hundred cities of the island. A hundred opposite ports are blended into one Piraeus, and to every point of the compass diverge the often-traversed long walls, that unite them with our ungirded acropolis.

But even these distances, slight as they are, are already about to be annihilated in one chief respect—for the communication of intelligence. The electric telegraph in a few years will bring, as it were, the whole population under one roof, and into one room. The metropolis will instantaneously transmit and receive information from every important point in the island. For every great need or emergency, the very farthest point will soon communicate its tidings or its wants, and will receive immediate reply, announcing the certain arrival of the assistance or commodity required within twenty-four hours. The island will thus become one nervous system, with a scarcely less quick and infallible action than the human frame. Our metropolis will be the sensorium of one acutely sensitive and intelligent fabric. The most northern or western part will communicate its sensations as immediately as the finger or the eye transmits its noiseless tidings to the brain. A pulsation, a glance, quick as lightning, quick as thought, passes from Caithness to the Admiralty, and thence to Penzance. From Dover to Holyhead takes less time than the writing these two words. Termini a thousand miles apart, with a hundred intermediate stations, may, if it be found necessary, receive all in one moment of time the official announcement of orders. The head will transmit its intentions to the remotest members as quickly as it receives their intelligence. The tables or the walls of a parlor in Downing Street will be the retina of an empire. On a few dials will appear the continual reflex of a nation's history.

Compare the two discoveries, and contemplate their joint operation. The contingency of war affords the easiest though the least probable as well as the least agreeable mode of illustration. Our neighbors still talk of invasion. Their dream of flotillas has passed into a dream of war steamers. An army at Cherbourg is to receive orders at sunset on what part of our southern coast it is to land at sunrise. Be it so, kind neighbor. We will not deny you the harmless gratification which has given eternal celebrity to one at least of your royal names. But mark what follows—not what follows, but what occurs simultaneously in every port and city of this charmed isle. No sooner are fifty funnels seen in the offing than every soldier and citizen in the kingdom is waked from his bed with the news of their number and destination. Before the first boat has touched the beach, if it does not already find the shore bristling with bayonets, one current of strong indignation has set in to that devoted point from every quarter, north and south, east and west. By noon, whatever progress the landing or march may then have made, every soldier whom it may be considered proper to spare from all England south of the Trent, will be stationed between the enemy and the metropolis. The yeomanry and the militia will be wherever it may be wished to dispose them. Twelve hours will be sufficient to bring the whole military force of England within sight of the foe, and another six will add all Scotland. The next sunrise will, if it be thought fit, see the end of the campaign as far from the shore as fifty thousand men are likely to have proceeded. The whole steam fleet of the British empire will be present at their reembarkation.

The vision is marvellous, but not irrational. We see no flaw in the calculation. Portsmouth or Falmouth can communicate with Manchester or Newcastle in ten seconds, and it will do so when the poles are up and the wires hung. Manchester can send ten thousand men to the southern coast within twelve hours—at least it will be able when the rails are laid down. Woolwich can send thither, within that time, a thousand ton of material. An army can traverse the southern coast from Kent to Cornwall in one night. There is no impossibility or improbability, or considerable difficulty in the way. What becomes then, of the menaced invasion?

#### MAGNITUDE OF RAILWAY SPECULATIONS.

On a moderate estimate, the railways already in existence and to be executed may be taken to cost £150,000,000

The gross profit on that capital, at 8 per cent., would be £12,000,000  
From which a deduction of 35 per cent. for expenses (the lowest expenditure of any large company) would amount to . . . . . 4,200,000

Leaving the net profit of £7,800,000,—or not quite 5*£* per cent. upon the capital.

In other words, to afford the shareholders in all our completed and projected railways a return of rather less than 5*£* per cent. upon their outlay, the public must annually expend £12,000,000/- in railway travelling alone.

The word "million" comes glibly from the tongue, but conveys no tangible image to the

mind. An effort is required to realize to the imagination the magnitude of the sum which must be annually spent on railway travelling to yield our speculators a moderate profit on their capital. Let any one attempt distinctly and articulately to count aloud from *one* to a *million*: he will find it hard work to enunciate on the average one thousand numbers in the hour, and would consequently require a hundred days for ten hours a day to count the million. The mechanical operation of telling over a million of sovereigns piece by piece would occupy a full month, at the rate of 3,600 an hour for ten hours a day. The joint earnings of 1,830 agricultural laborers with their 7*s.* a week for thirty years each, not a working-day left out, would be less than a million of pounds sterling. The joint earnings of 640 mechanics at 20*s.* a week, toiling each as unintermittently during the same period, would not amount to a million of pounds sterling. The pay of 90 British general officers at 1*l.* a day, would not in thirty years amount to a million of pounds sterling. So much of toil, and danger, and exposure to the elements—so much of patient, persevering, and more or less skilful industry—so much of valor, and accomplishment, and high spirit, as represented by money—may be bought for a million of pounds sterling.

And our railway-projectors and speculators calculate upon drawing twelve of these millions annually from the pockets of the public. In other words, they expect that twelve millions of people—half the population of the Three Kingdoms, men, women, and children—at 1*½d.* per mile will each travel 160 miles by railway every year, and pay them 20*s.* a head. Or they expect that one million people will travel 1,920 miles each in the course of the year, and pay them 12*l.* a head. Or they expect that one hundred and twenty thousand people will each travel 16,000 miles by railway every year, and pay them 100*l.* per head. Be it remembered, too, that railway-travelling constitutes but a fraction of the whole annual travelling of the nation. Our railways, existent and in projection, embrace not one half of the surface and population of Great Britain; and even in the railway districts there is active competition from steam-boats, omnibuses, cabs, vans, spring-carts, &c. &c. The steam-boats of the Thames and the Clyde carry more passengers than the Greenwich, Blackwall, and Glasgow and Greenock Railways. In the great towns, not only the wealthier classes as a badge of station and for amenity, but tradesmen for professional purposes, keep vehicles, which when travelling on business or for pleasure they from sheer economy generally employ in preference to other modes of conveyance. In the rural districts, landowners and farmers do the same. Again, the price of a railway-ticket is only part of the outlay of the railway-traveller on conveyances. In most cases it implies the additional expense of short-stage, cab, or bus, to convey him to and from the railway, or from one railway to another.

Our sanguine projectors and speculators pay little heed to these considerations; though the brokers who are agents in the transfer of shares often ask each other in wonderment, where all the travellers are to come from. Put the question to any dabbler in railway stock, and he replies with an "Oh, with the increase of locomotive facilities travelling will increase indefinitely." It may be so: hitherto the theory has held good: yet there

must be some natural limit to the activity of the principle. Men do not travel for travelling's sake, but on business or for pleasure—to earn money, or to spend it; and what possible facility will set men in motion where these motives are wanting? The enormous amount of money invested in railways would seem to imply that some classes of Englishmen are expected to *live* on railways, as some classes of Chinese live on their canals. To render these undertakings remunerative, a numerous portion of society would need, like the fabled birds of paradise, to keep always on the wing—to spend their lives darting from town to town with the velocity of swallows in a summer-evening. The boldness and extent of these aggregate undertakings conveys a magnificent idea of the resources and enterprise of Britain; but their very magnitude lies like a load on the imagination, while the incessant restlessness and swift movements they presuppose in such a numerous class of the community make the head giddy only to think of.—*Spectator*, 16 Aug.

Now that the most eventful session of Parliament recorded in railway history has reached its close, we are enabled to announce, from our official returns, the following as the great results of its legislation. Parliament has sanctioned the construction of 2,090 miles of new railways in England and Scotland, and of 560 miles in Ireland. This is in effect to double the extent of the railways of Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland. The capital authorized to be raised in shares for this purpose amounts to 31,680,000*l.*, exclusive of 6,800,000*l.* required for the Irish lines; making in all 34,480,000*l.* The cost of the new railways per mile will be thus very much less than that of existing lines. The average of the new is nearly 15,000*l.* per mile, and that of the old exceeds 30,000*l.* per mile.—*Railway Chronicle*.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, it has been estimated that no less a sum than ten millions sterling must be sent out of this country in the course of the year, to pay the calls on foreign railway shares; and speculators are warned of the effect which that may have upon the money-market.

To show the extraordinary nature of railway speculation in Glasgow, we may mention, that on a line near this city, on which a deposit of 2*l.* 10*s.* was required per share, they soon ran up to a premium of 5*l.* and 10*s.* per share; and on Monday they were quoted as high as 23*l.* and 2*½l.*, but on the day following they fell to 17*l.*; and now they are running up again, in consequence of what is called "time" or "bear" bargains, ruinous to some, but profitable enough to others; and this is a feature, we are afraid, which pervades too many of them. Sober business is now shoved aside, and speculation—speculation-railway shares and railway deposit, scrip and premium, seem to be the order of the day.—*Scotch Reformers' Gazette*.

The tenders for the purchase of the Sycee silver were opened yesterday, according to the terms of the notice in which the metal was offered to public competition. The result was, that 400,000 ounces were awarded to a person who had bid 60 1-16*d.* per ounce for that quantity only, while the rest was awarded to another firm (said to be the Messrs. Rothschild) who had offered 60*d.* for the entire quantity. These prices are extremely high; being exclusive (according to the terms of the contract) of all the gold above five grains in the pound Troy which may be found in the silver, and which will have to be paid for separately at a fixed rate.—*Times*.

A VERY tempting offer has been made to the medical profession. A "nervous invalid" is advertising for a "medical gentleman," of "good education," and "cheerful manners," to eat and ride with him, to walk and talk with him, and to shave and dress him! Terms, fifty pounds a year.

MR. SERGEANT DAVY, eminent in the last century, was once upbraided with lowering "the dignity of the profession" by accepting silver as fees from a client. "I took silver," he said, "because I could not get gold; but I took every rap the fellow had; and if you call that lowering the dignity of the profession, I don't know what the dignity is."—*Morning Post*.

AUSTRIAN RAILROADS.—The opening of the great line of railroad from Vienna to Prague is definitively fixed for the 20th of this month, (Aug.) The entire corps diplomatique have been invited to accompany the emperor upon the expedition, which is to take place on the occasion of the solemnity of opening this new and important line. It will be possible to accomplish the whole distance from Vienna to Prague in one day; but upon this occasion the first day's journey will be ended at Brunn, where the emperor, with his whole brilliant cortège, will be received by the Moravian authorities; speeches will be held and banquets given. The next day the Austrian court will arrive at Prague, where festivities and various solemnities will take place for two days. On the 25th it is proposed that the emperor, with his train of distinguished guests, should return to Vienna.

A GREAT QUESTION SETTLED BY AN "IF."—Several of the journals have announced the death, in Holland, on the 10th instant, of the person called the Duc de Normandie, and who pretended to be the Dauphin son of Louis XVI. M. Hebert, ex-director general des postes of the army of Italy, writes on this subject to some of our Paris contemporaries:—"IF the Duc de Normandie be the same person that I saw in Rome, in May, 1810, on arrest, and undergoing an interrogatory in the cabinet of General Radet, general of gendarmerie, he was really the son of Louis XVI. I derive this conviction from that of General Radet, who interrogated the pretender, and read the documents of which he was the bearer. General Radet sent this pretender to Paris. Count Miollis, governor of Rome, was necessarily acquainted with this arrest, and the trace of it must be found in his papers, as also in those left by General Radet."—*Galignani*.

As the Duke of Clarence was once sitting to Northcote, he asked the artist if he knew the prince regent.

"No," was the brief reply.

"Why," said the duke, "my brother says he knows you."

"Oh," answered Northcote, "that's only his brag."

Cincinnati, 30 Aug.

A NEW and novel branch of business has recently been commenced by some of our enterprising builders, the manufacture of portable cottages for the south and west. I saw three of these cottages on Fourth street the other day, which were intended for the Nashville market. They are about twelve feet wide by twenty long, and are divided into two apartments. They are constructed chiefly of panel work, so that they can be taken to pieces for transportation, and put up again with little trouble. They cost at the yard of the builder \$200. It is said that a saving of near 50 per cent. can be made by emigrants going south or west by buying cottages here, instead of purchasing lumber and building when they arrive at their places of destination; and the manufacture of these cottages promises to become an extensive branch of business in our city.

M. THIERS has taken his departure for Spain; whither, as his editors have taken care to notify, he is repairing, in order personally to inspect the fields of battle he will describe in his next volumes of the *Histoire du Consulat et l'Empire*.

THE North Star steam-ship arrived at the Brunswick Wharf, Blackwall, a few days since, with a cargo and passengers from the port of Leghorn. This was understood to be an experimental trip, being the first voyage ever made by a steam-vessel to or from that place and the port of London.—*Times*.

SIR ROBERT HAS HARD WORK.—The problem, however, is, how Sir Robert Peel gets the tories to assist him in carrying for the liberals; how he gets them to follow him against all their most stubborn prejudices, and many of their most important (fancied) interests. Leigh Hunt's clever description of pigs under the control of their driver is the aptest representation of this curious cross-grained case.

"Unwilling was their subjection, but 'more in sorrow than in anger.' They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do so; forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins. Often would they have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck, (for their very progress was a sort of sticking,) charmed into the centre of his sphere of action, lying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip-end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very social; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil it is that drives him! judge by this of the talents of his driver."—*Examiner*.

THE FRENCH-TEST THING WE HAVE SEEN FOR SOME TIME.—Our spirited contemporary of the *Etats Unis*, tells the following Parisian bit of gossip.—"A couple very well known in Paris are at present arranging terms of a separation, to avoid the scandal of a judicial divorce. A friend has been employed by the husband to negotiate the matter. The latest mission was in reference to a valuable ring given to the husband by one of the sovereigns of Europe, and which he wished to retain. For this, he would make a certain much desired concession. The friend made the demand. 'What?' said the indignant wife, 'do you venture to charge yourself with such a mission to me? Can you believe that I could tear myself from a gift which alone recalls to me the days when my husband loved me? No! this ring is my only souvenir of happiness forever departed. 'Tis all—(and here she wept)—that I now possess of a once fond husband."

The friend insisted. The lady supplicated, grew obstinate—grew desperate—threatened to submit to a public divorce as a lesser evil than parting with this cherished ring—and at last confessed that—she had sold it six months before!

A LIGHT IN THE EAST.—A newspaper is about to be established in the city of Jerusalem. Solomon, with all his wisdom, never dreamt of such a thing.—*Globe*.